

MARVEL®

SPIDER-MAN®

ISSUE
2

BENDIS • LAFUENTE • PONSOR



The bite of a genetically altered spider granted high-school student Peter Parker incredible arachnid-like powers. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility.

Now the fledgling super hero tries to balance a full high school curriculum and swing time as the misunderstood, web-slinging Spider-Man!



PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN: SIX MONTHS AGO...

The Ultimatum Wave has destroyed New York City. With no warning a massive tidal wave crashed down on the island of Manhattan killing millions of people in the blink of an eye.

Many of the world's iconic heroes died in the tragedy. It has been revealed the wave was a terrorist attack by the mutant, Magneto.

When the tidal wave subsided, Spider-Man helped search for survivors in the watery hell that was midtown. For a while it was believed that Spider-Man had not survived.

J. Jonah Jameson, publisher of the Daily Bugle, was witness to Spider-Man's last day of heroics. Jameson wrote what he thought was Spider-Man's obituary: a powerful piece praising Spider-Man's unique brand of heroism.

Today, Peter is dating Gwen Stacy instead of Mary Jane and working at a mall food court instead of the now defunct Daily Bugle. Mutants are outlawed and the growing threat of the mysterious Mysterio takes the life of the once untouchable Kingpin of crime.

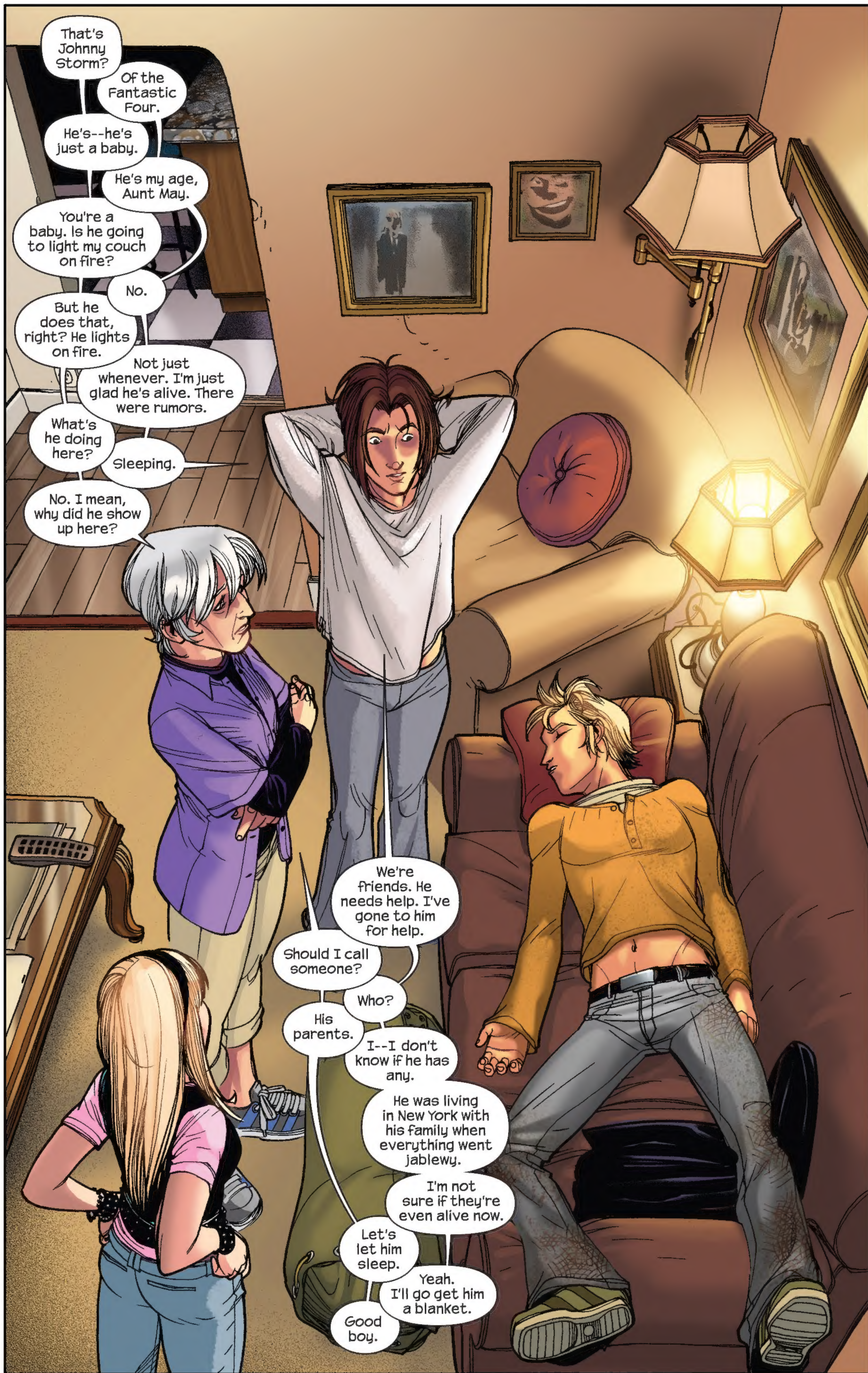
All that and after all these months, Johnny Storm, aka the Human Torch, reappears at Peter's doorstep, exhausted and homeless.



THE NEW WORLD ACCORDING TO PETER PARKER

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That's Johnny Storm?

Of the Fantastic Four.

He's--he's just a baby.

He's my age, Aunt May.

You're a baby. Is he going to light my couch on fire?

No.

But he does that, right? He lights on fire.

Not just whenever. I'm just glad he's alive. There were rumors.

What's he doing here?

Sleeping.

No. I mean, why did he show up here?

We're friends. He needs help. I've gone to him for help.

Should I call someone?

Who?

His parents.

I--I don't know if he has any.

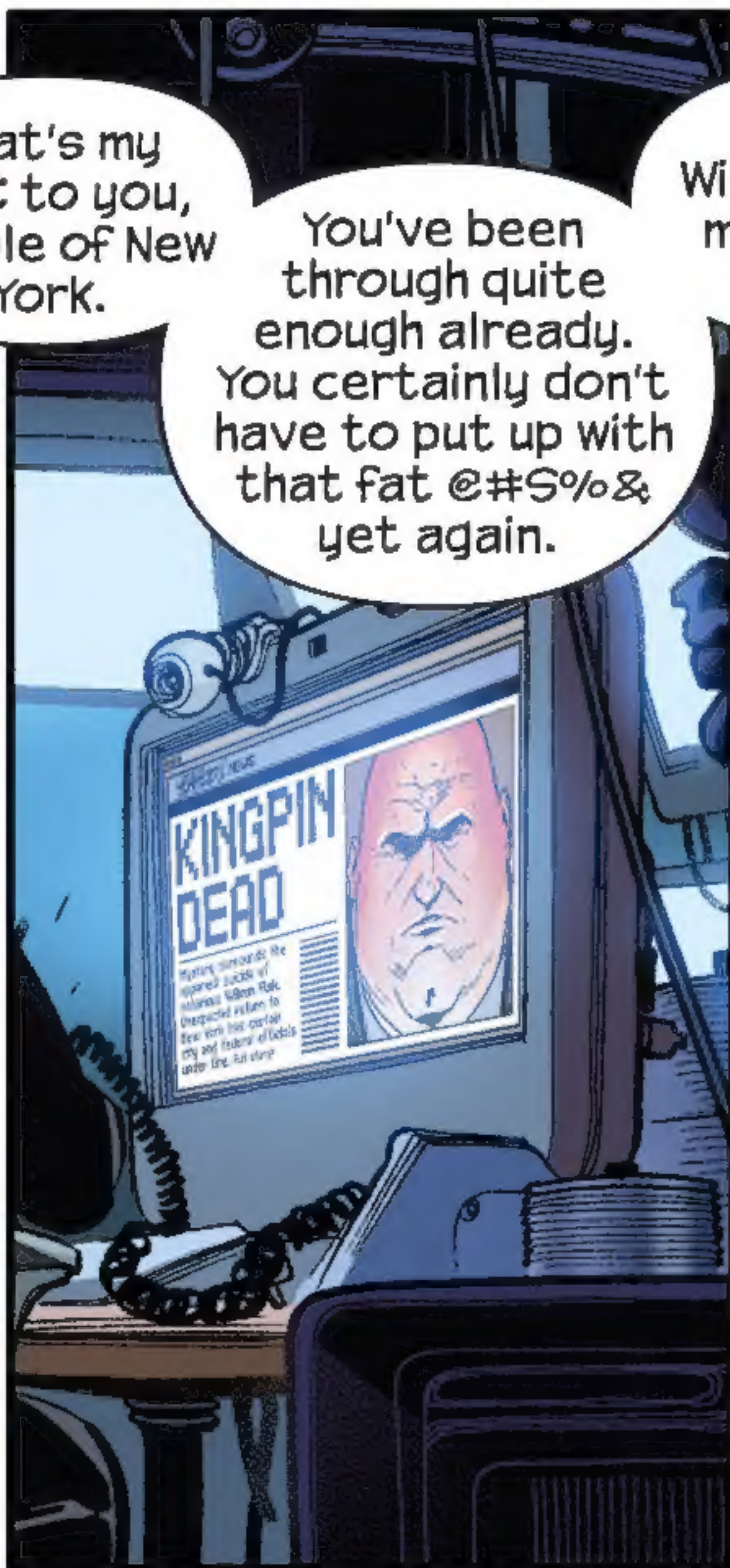
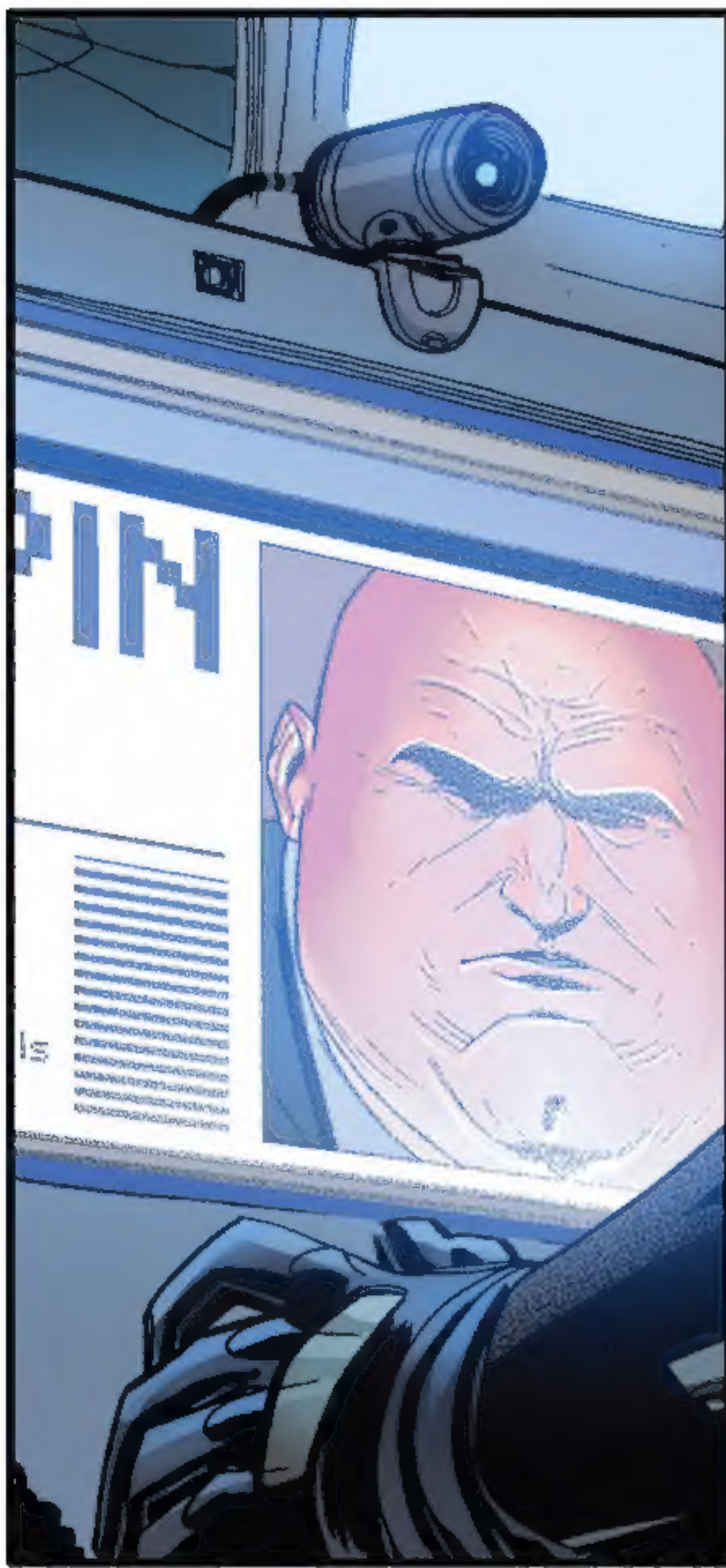
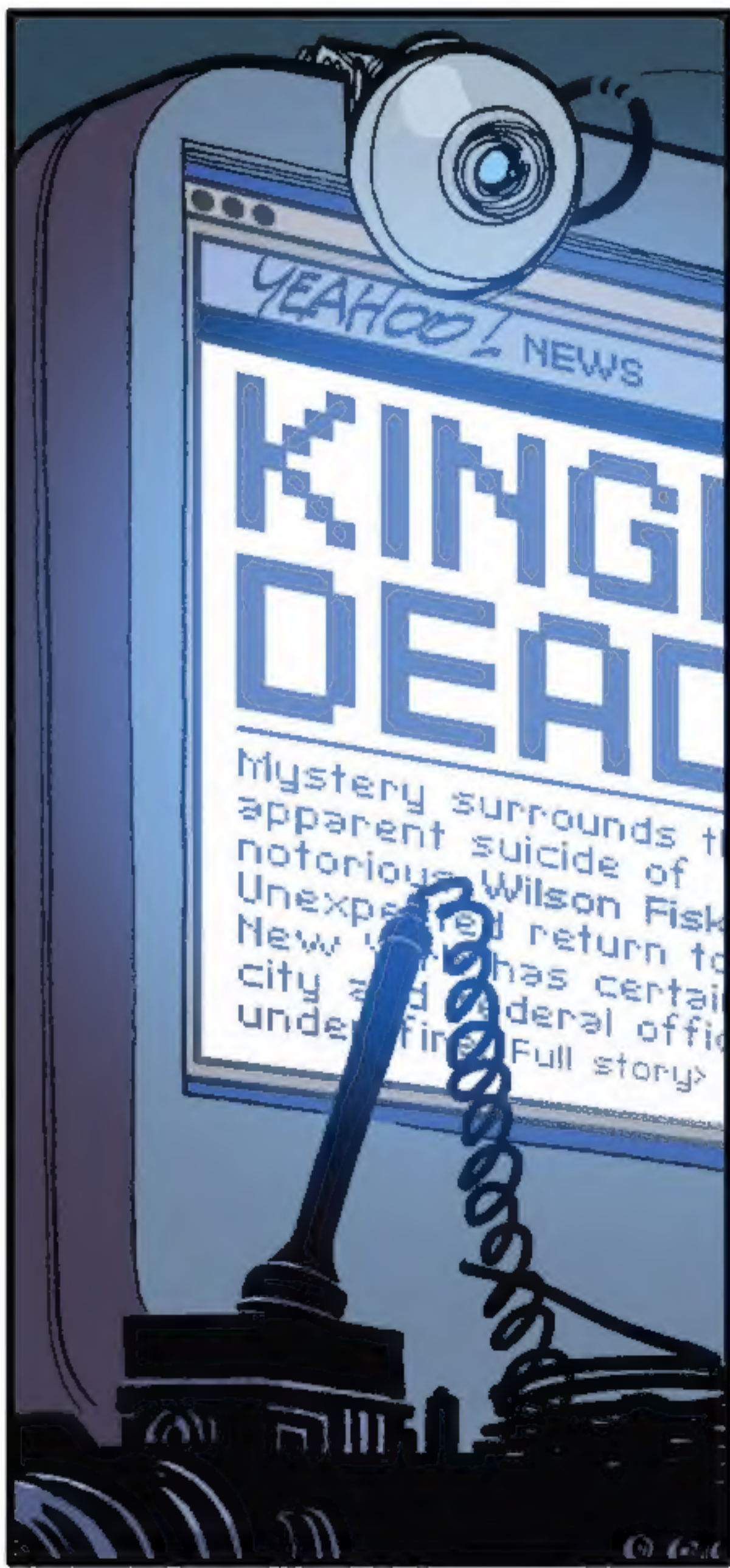
He was living in New York with his family when everything went jablewy.

I'm not sure if they're even alive now.

Let's let him sleep.

Yeah. I'll go get him a blanket.

Good boy.





I want
all of it.

And I'm
going to
take it.

And the
best part--
you'll never know
who I am or how
I did it.

But you
can keep calling
me Mysterio.

I like
that.

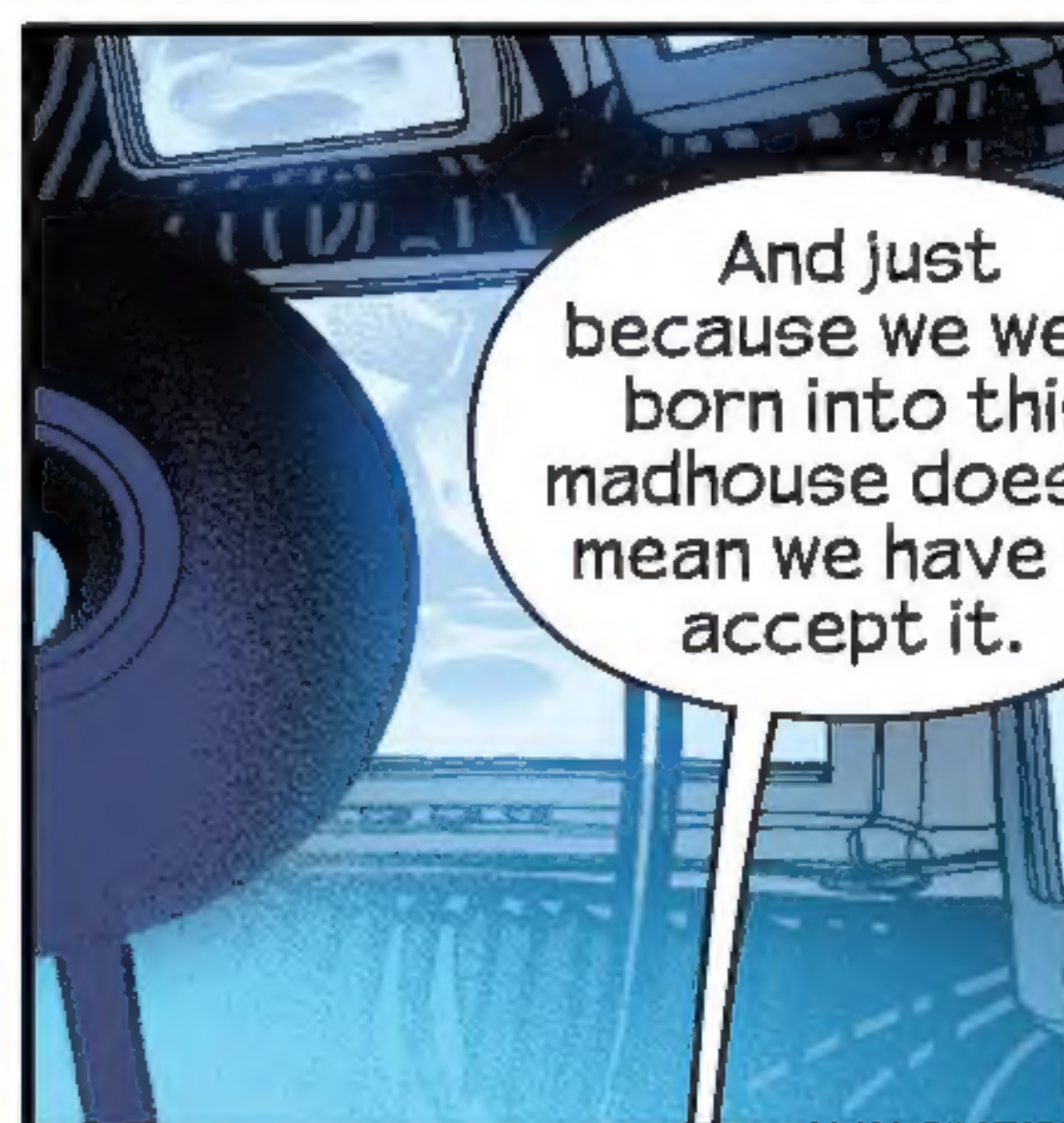
I would have
never come up
with that name
myself, but it's out
there now...and
I like it.

Mysterio.



Let me tell
you how the world
is--there is no good
or bad. No authority
or law.

All cops are
corrupt. All politicians
compromised. Religion is
a con and conspiracy is
truth. There is no heaven
or hell. You won't be
punished in the
next life.



And just
because we were
born into this
madhouse doesn't
mean we have to
accept it.



I'm not.
I'm taking what I
want. You should
do the same.



Go
ahead. I
dare you.

And if you
think contrary--
Come get me.
Come after me.

That I'll
respect.



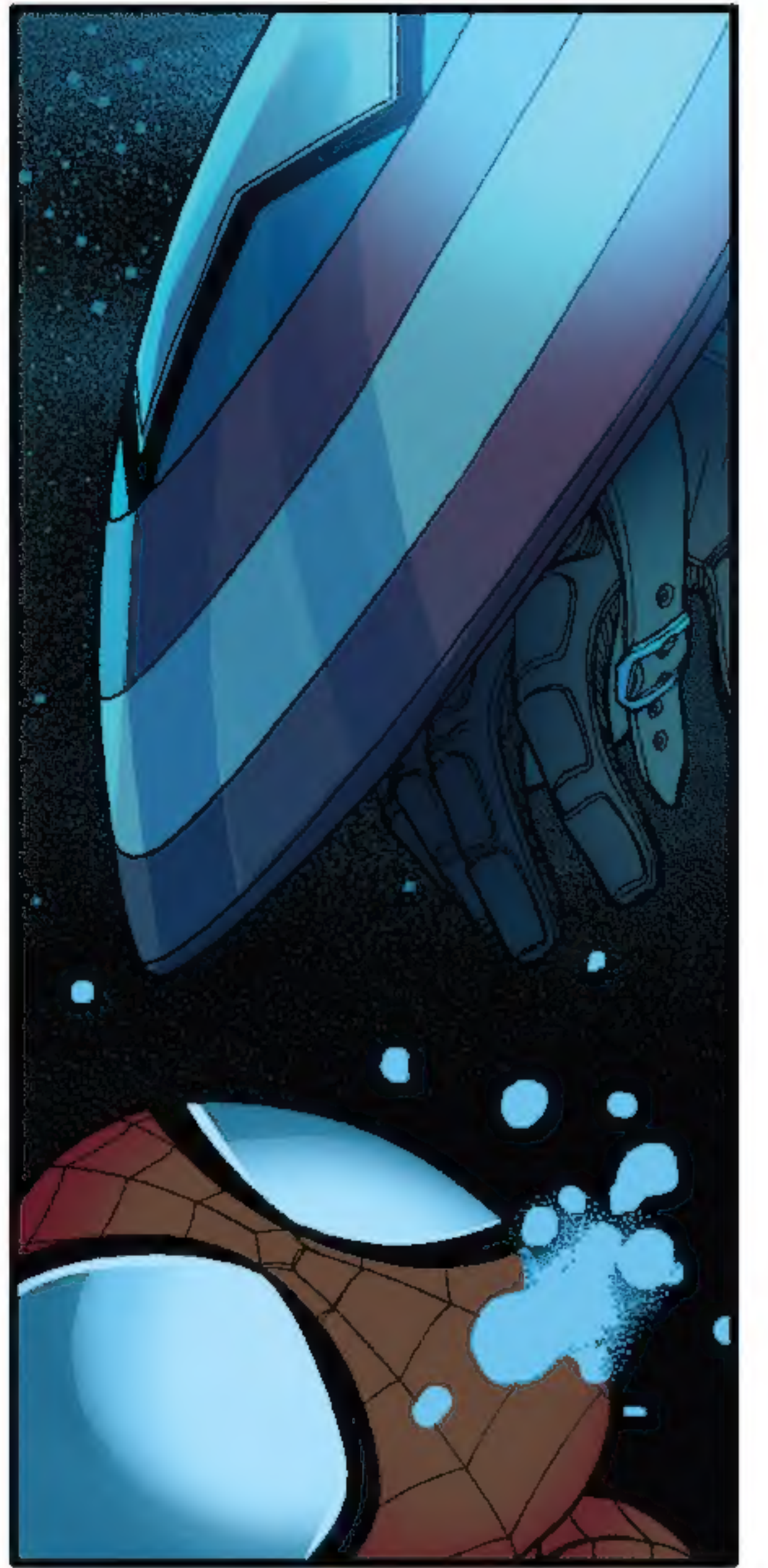
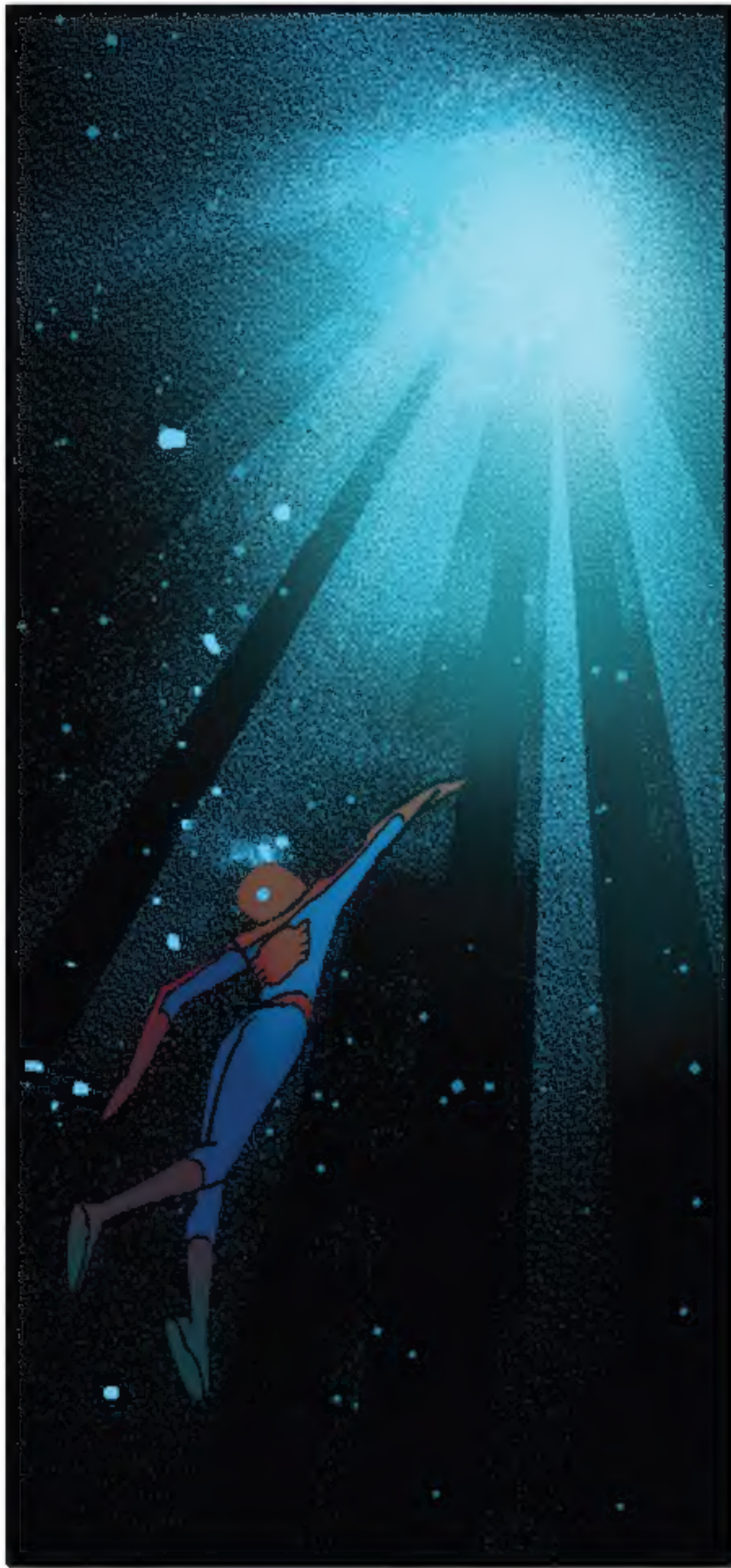
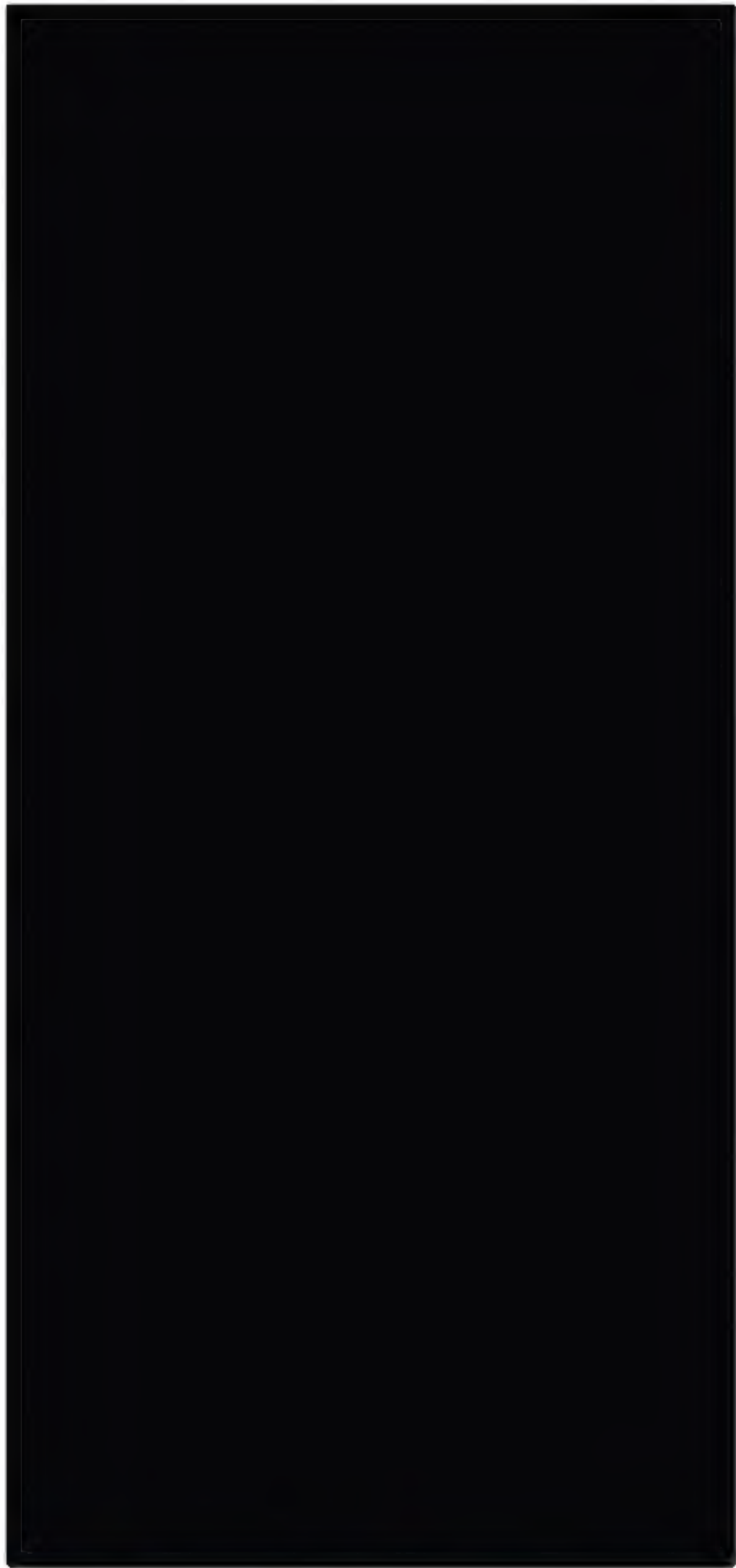
I'm telling
you this so you
hear it from me
directly.

You lazy
cowards. I'm
taking mine.



You
deserve what
happens next.







DAH!



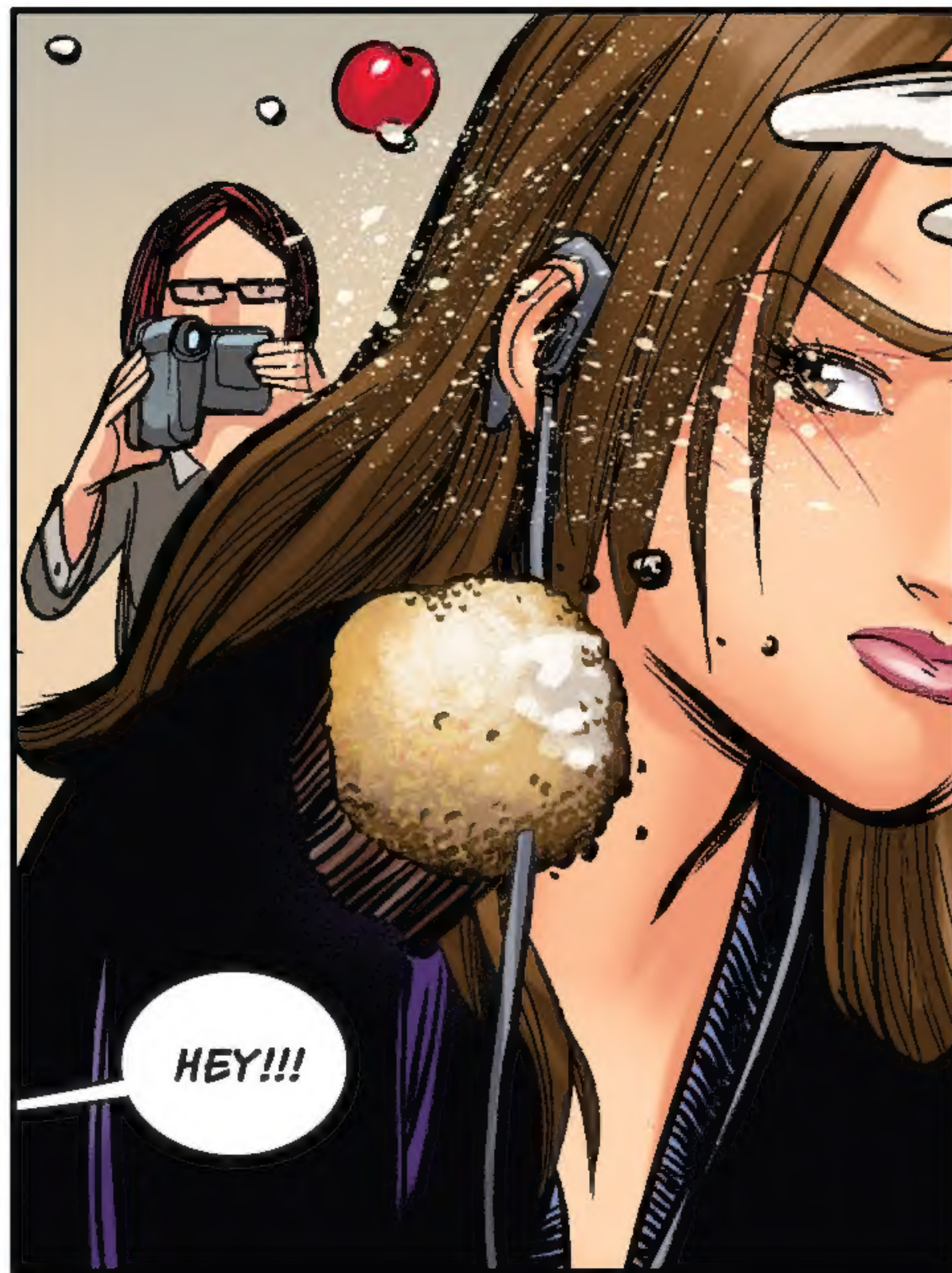
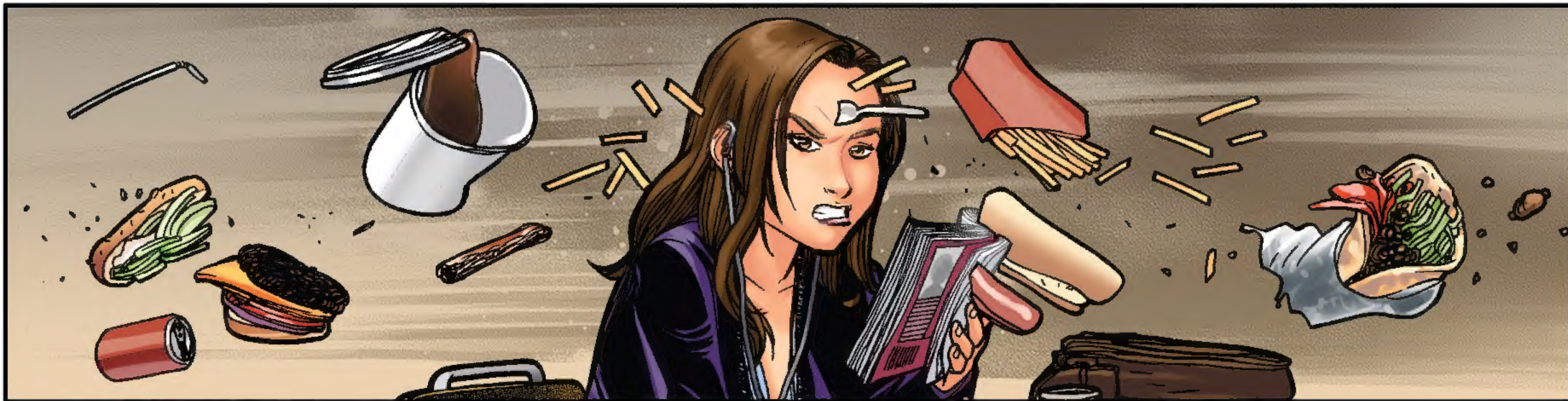
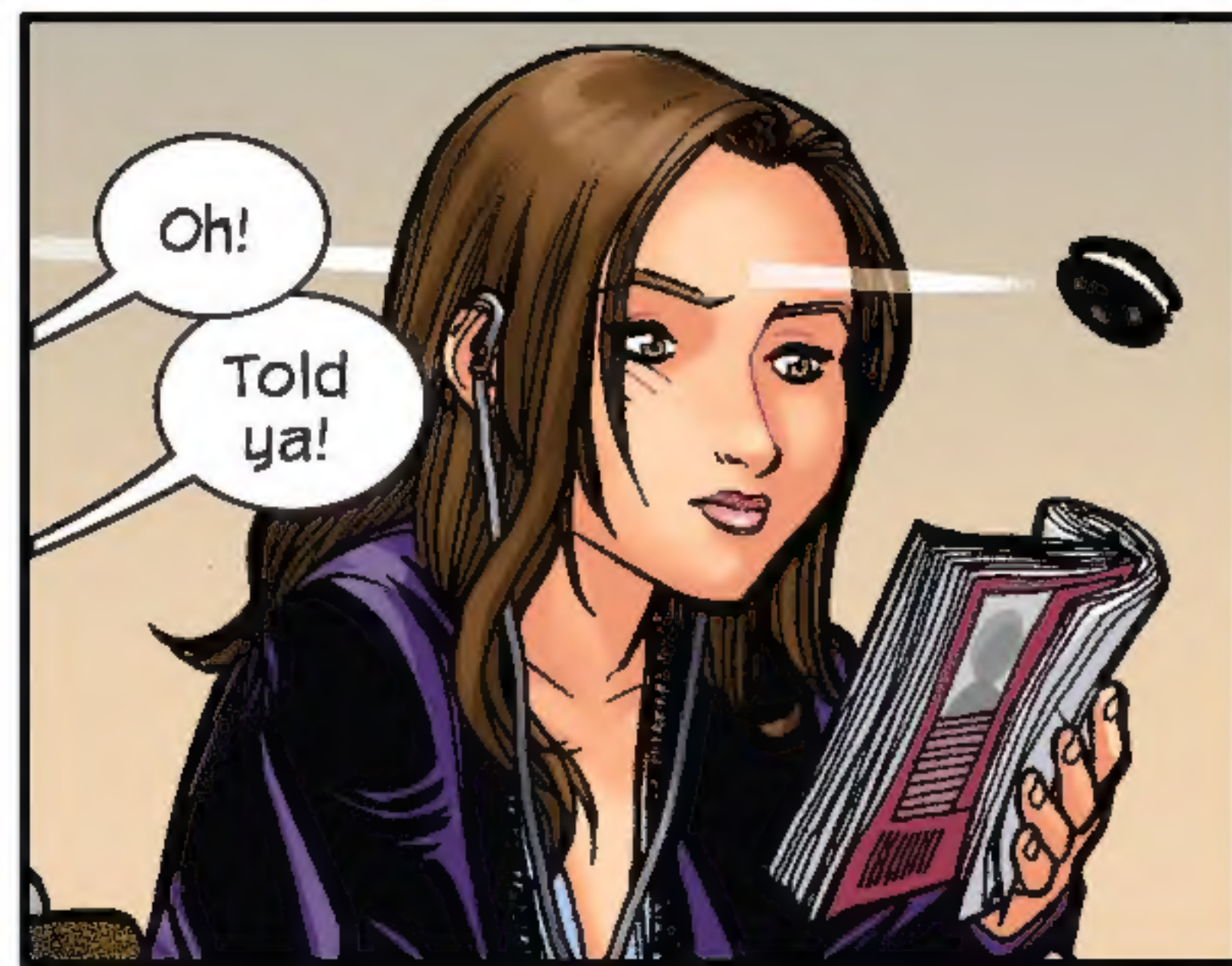
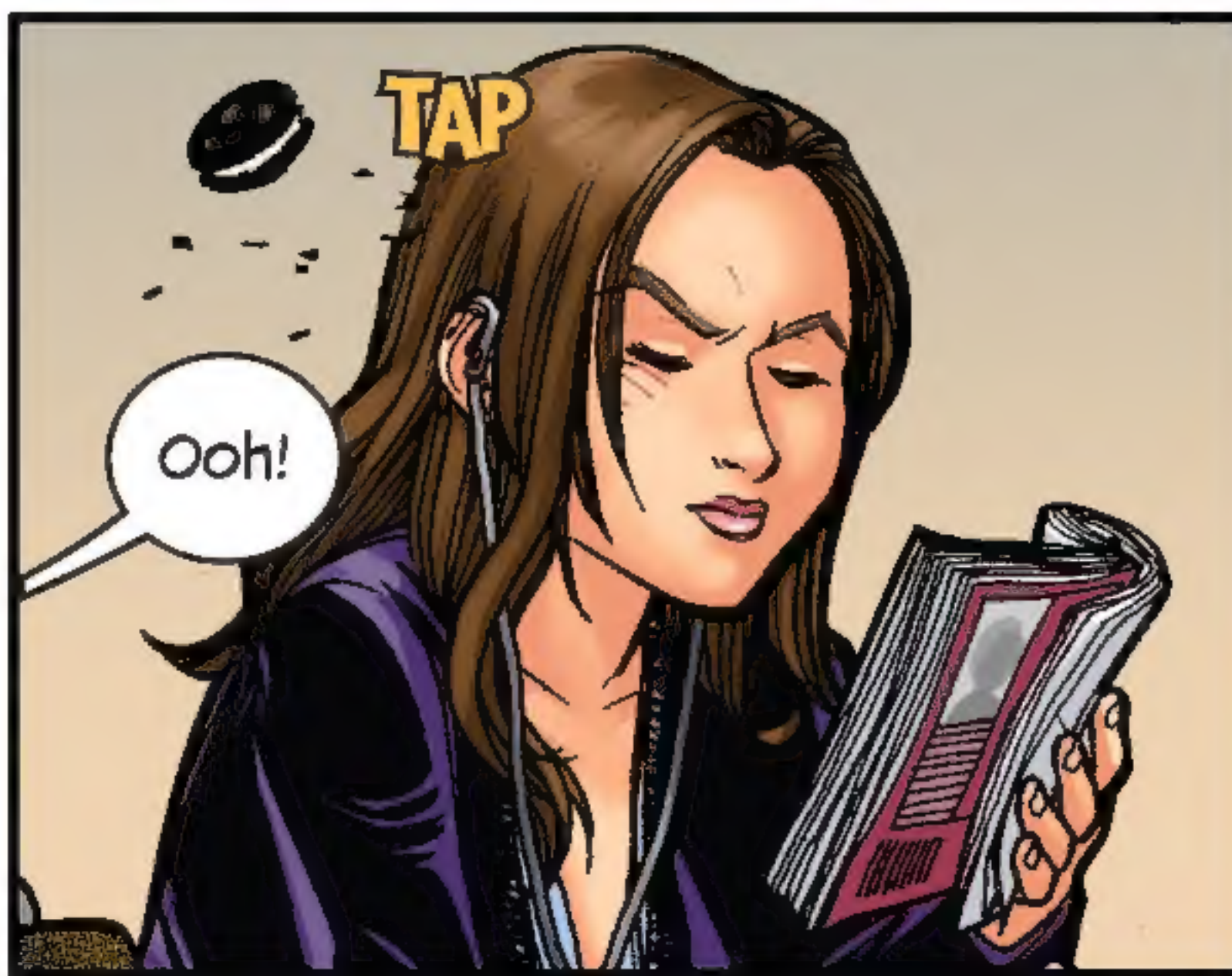
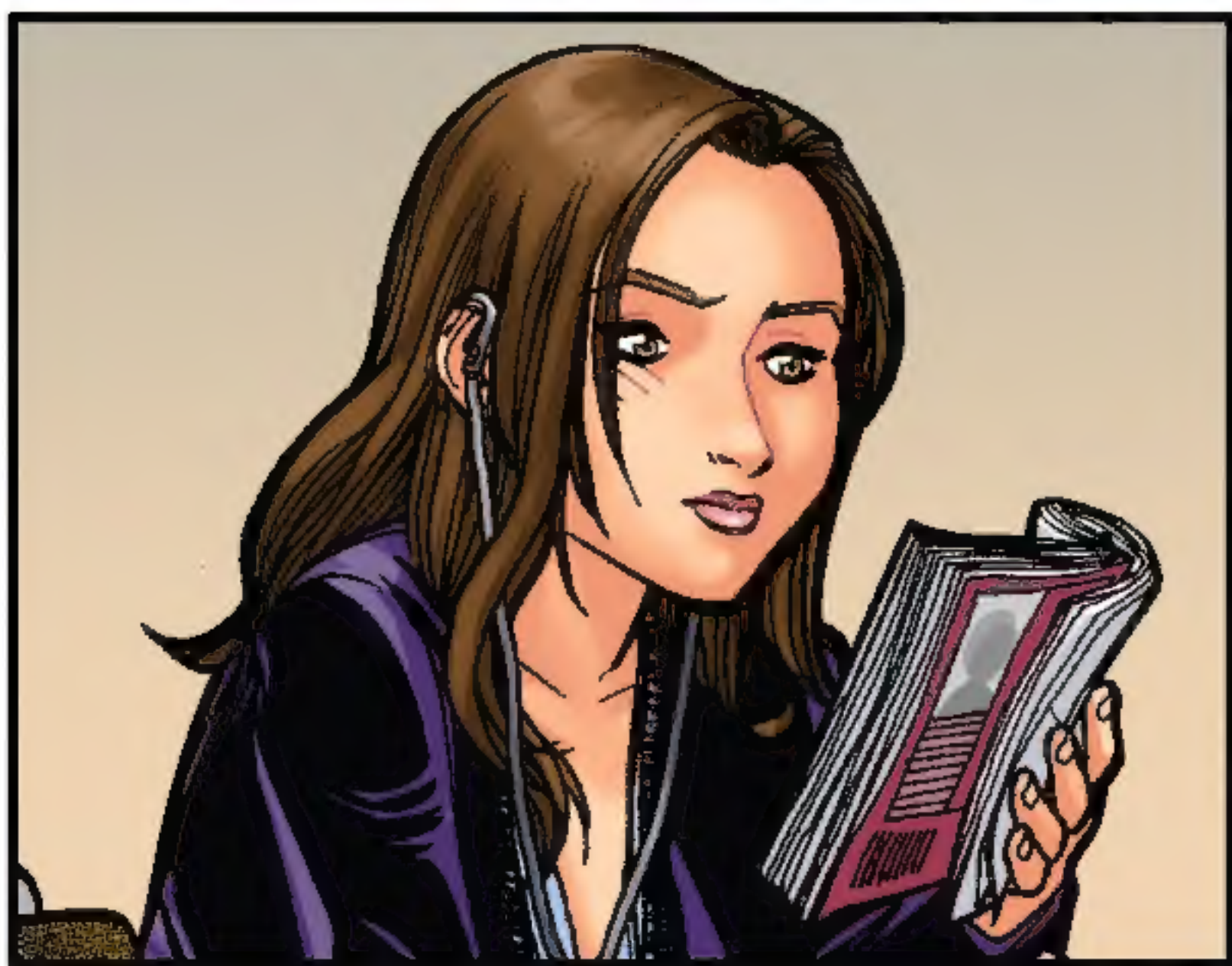
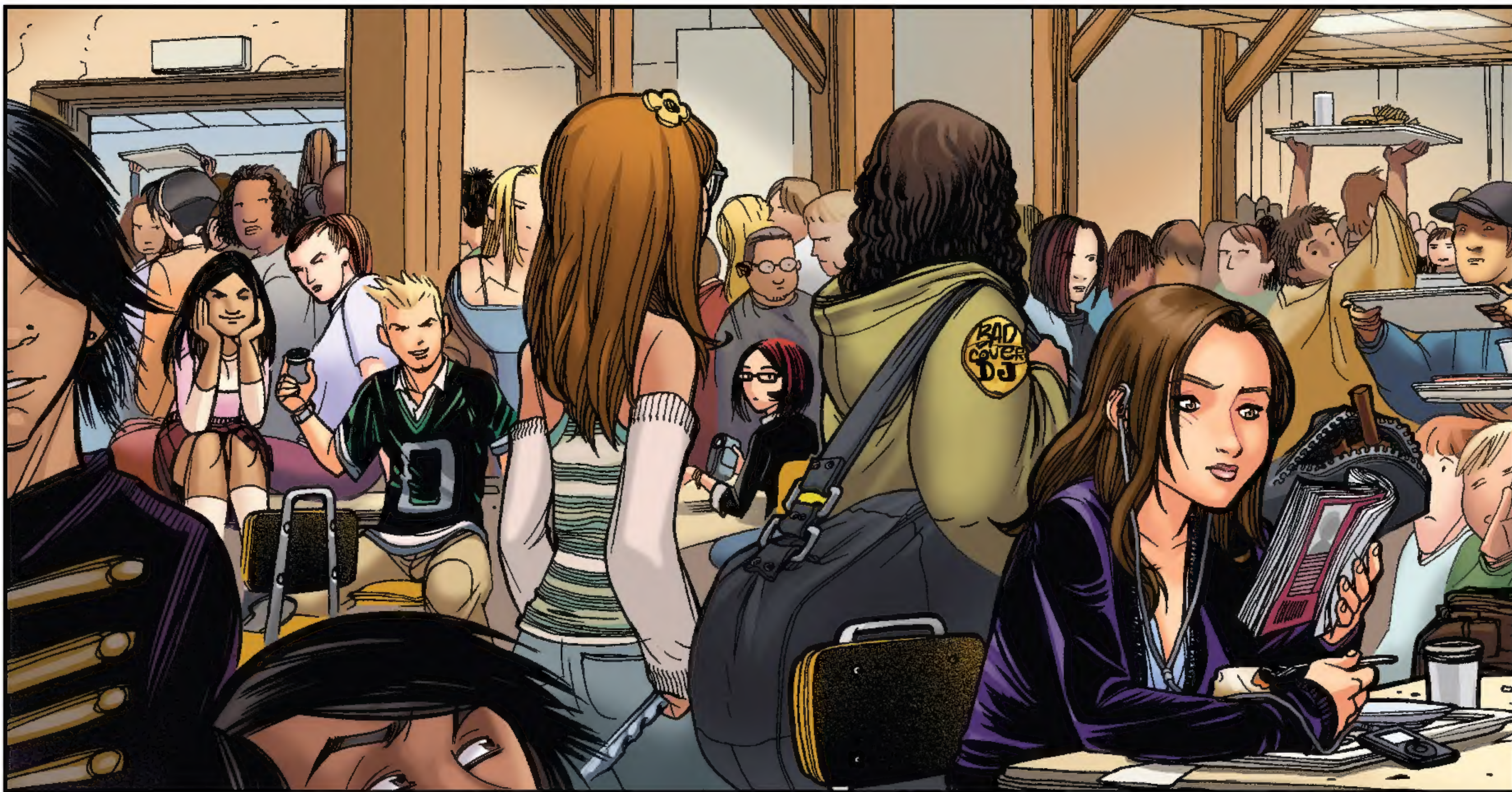
Oh man!
Come on...

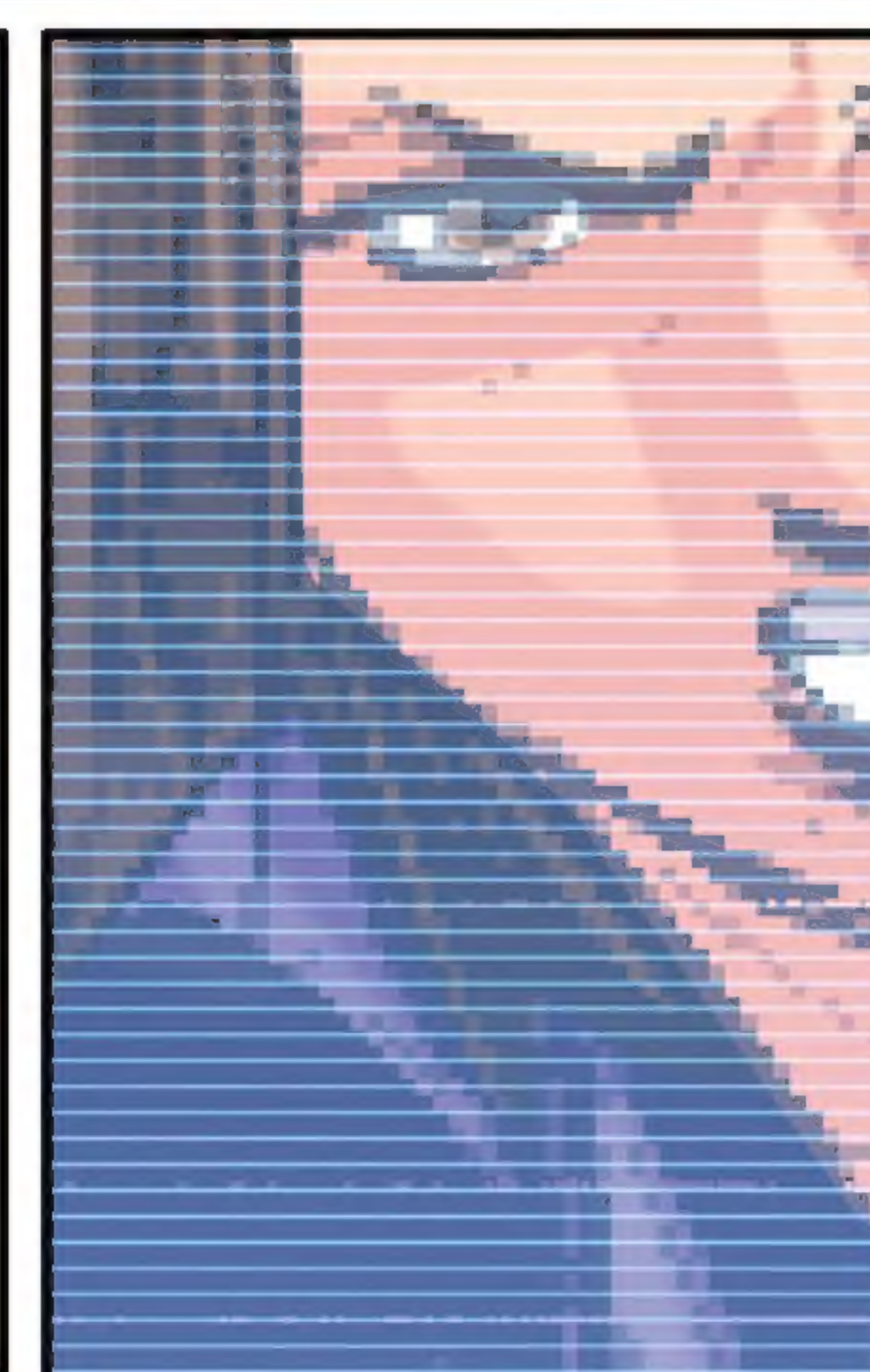
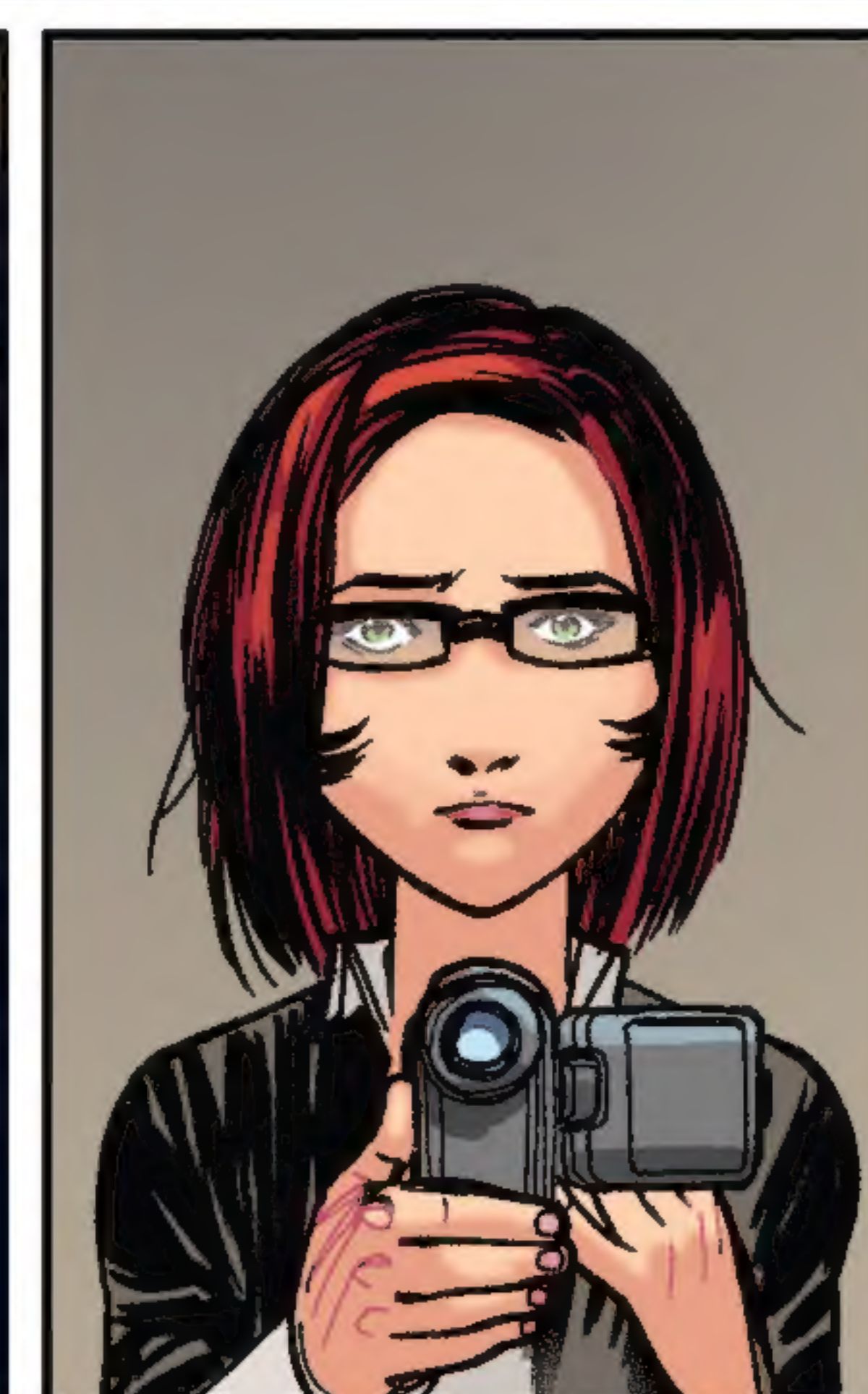
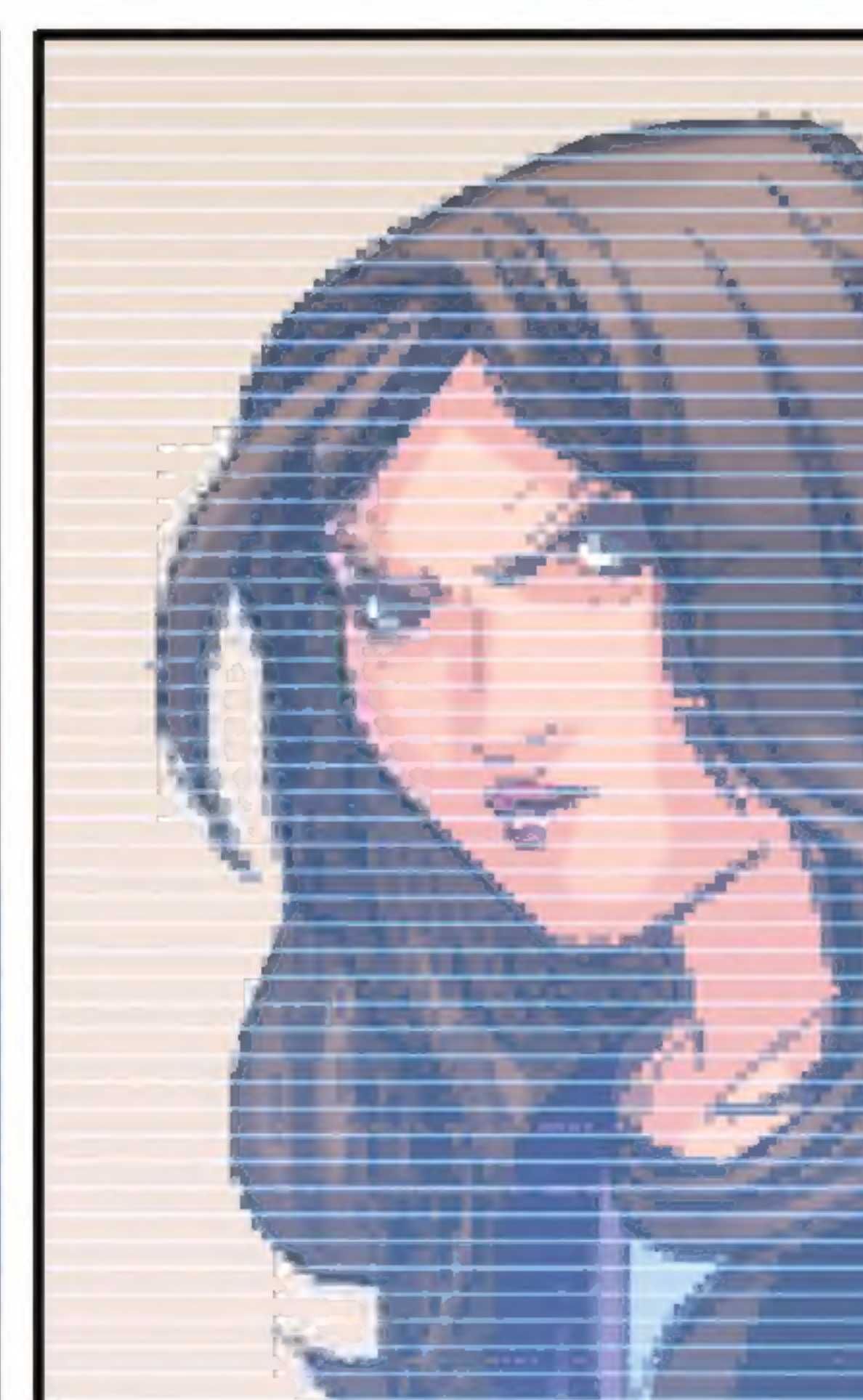
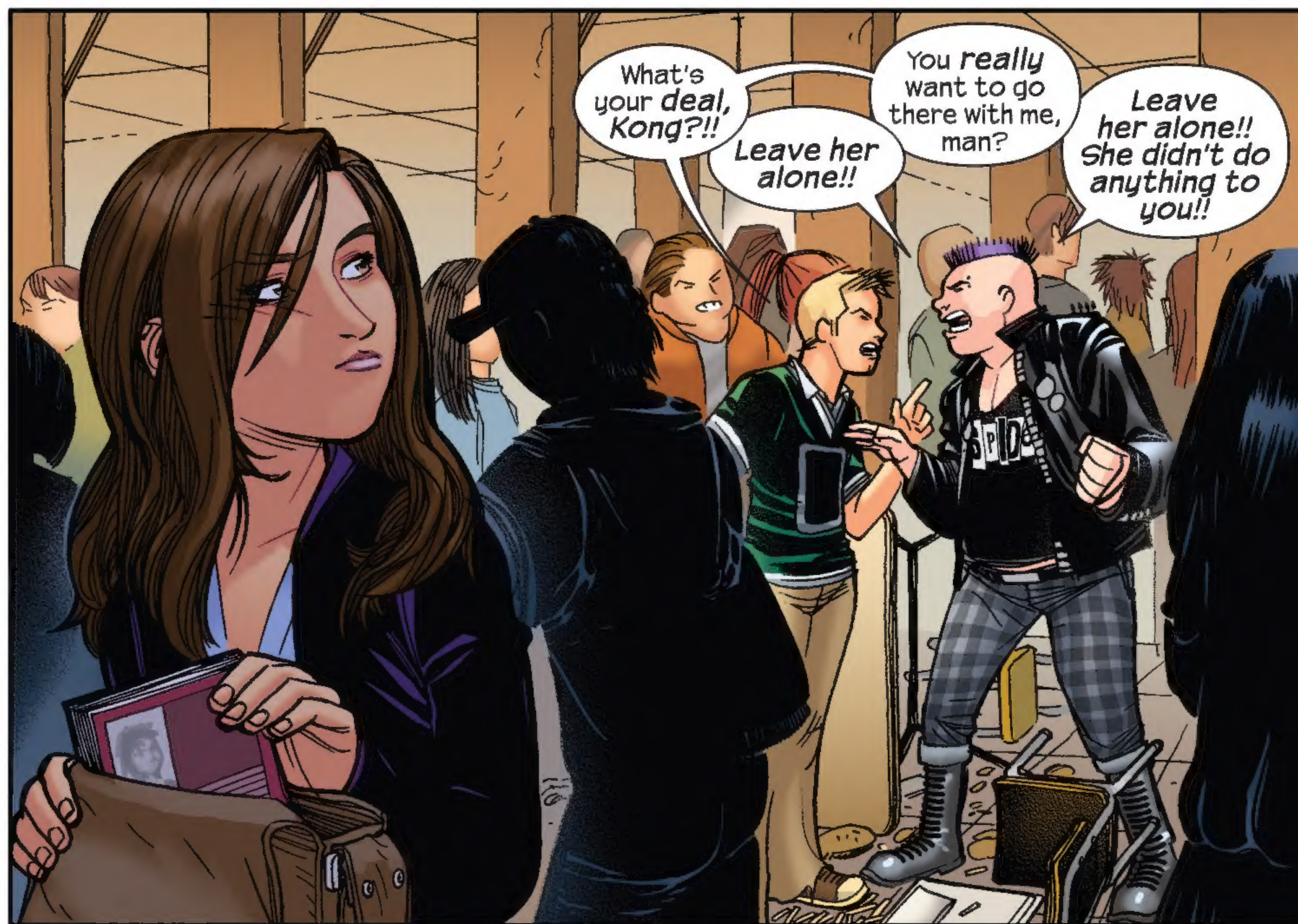


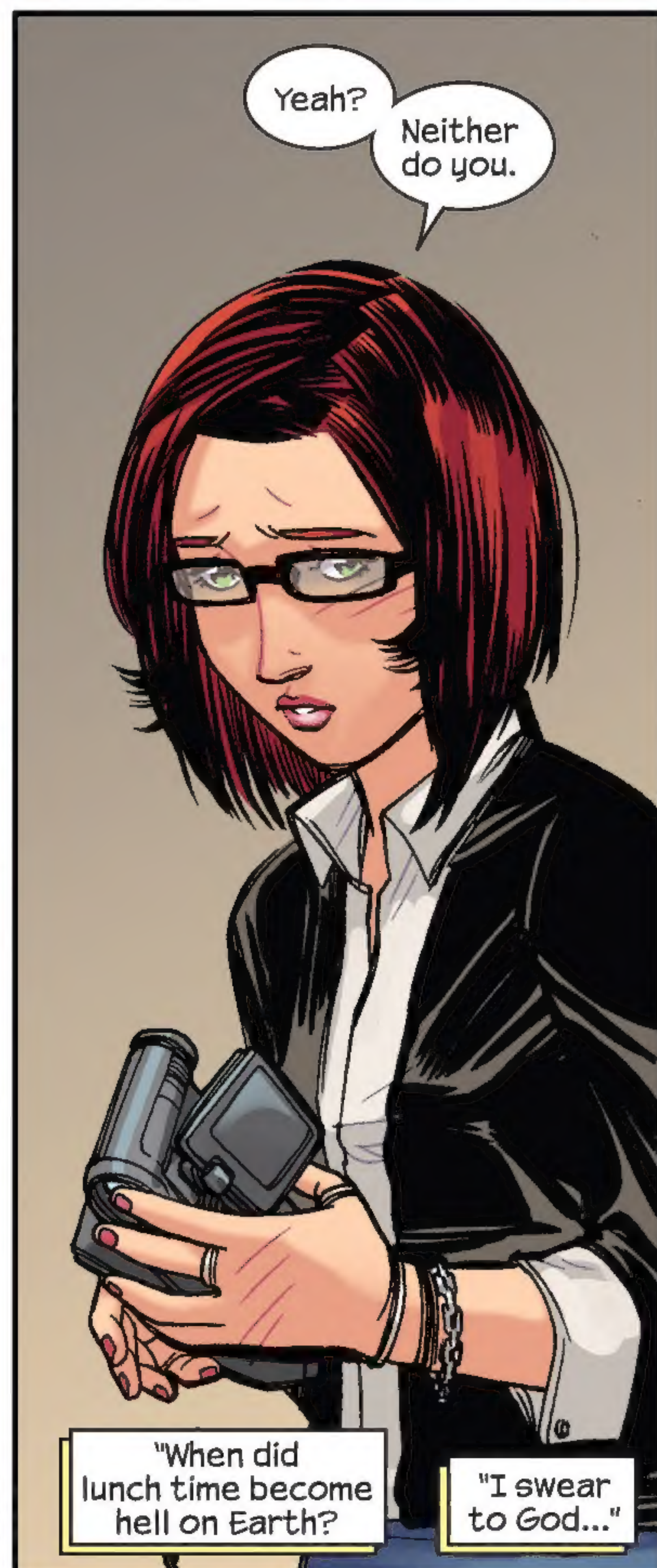
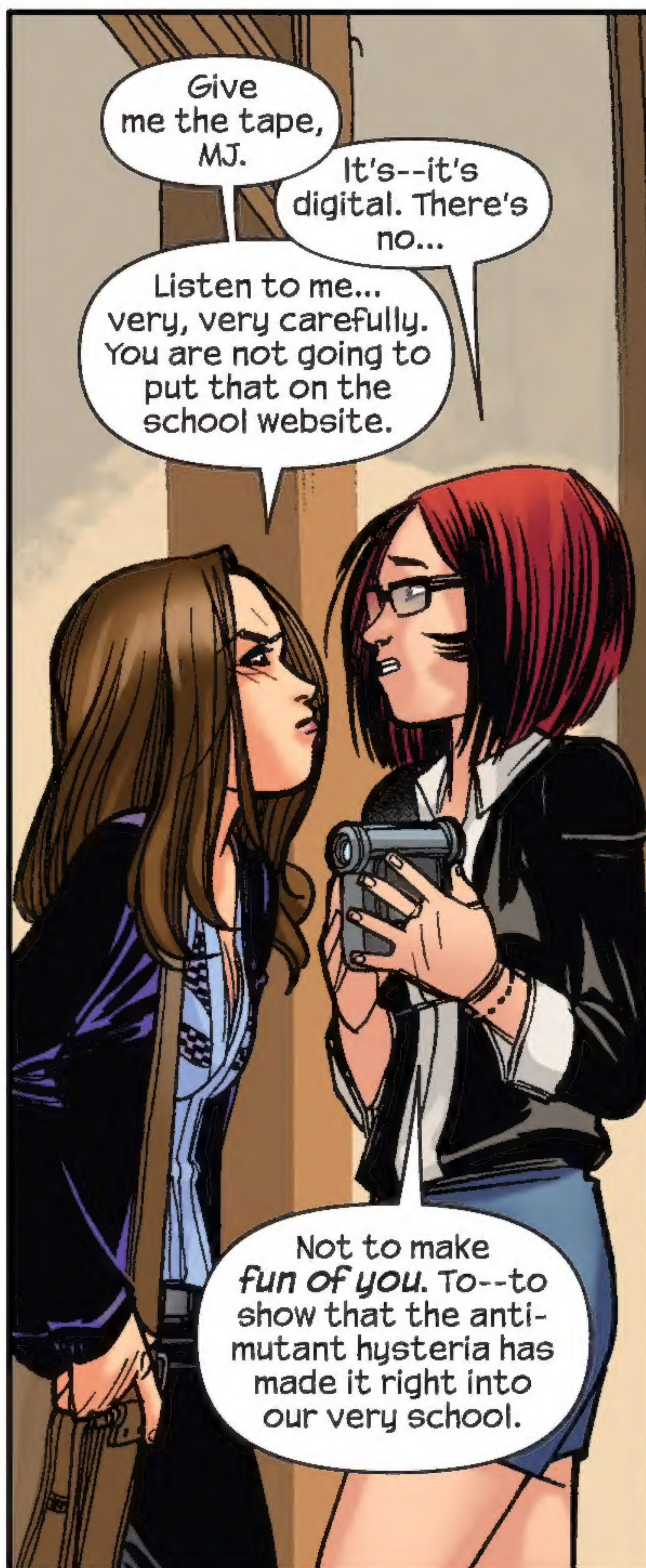
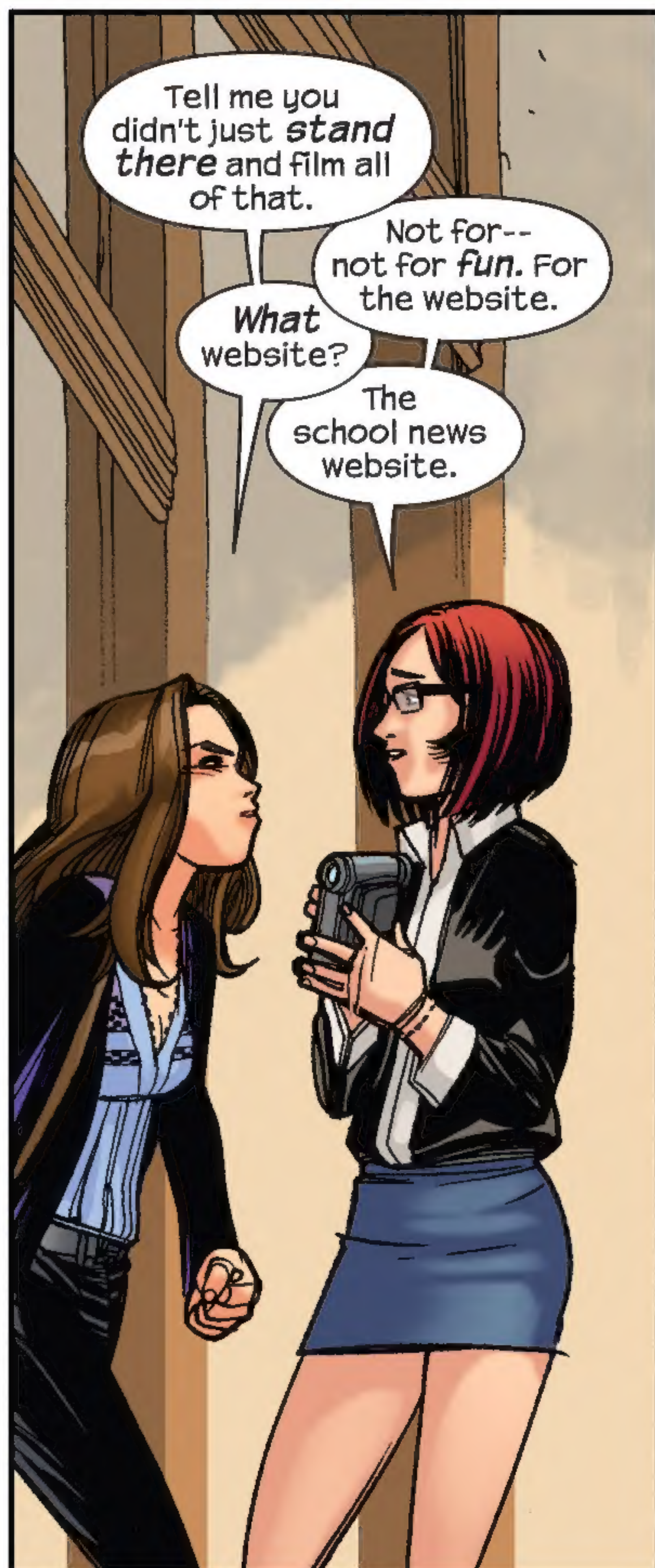
Come on, man.
Don't go crazy now.



Or, y'know, crazy-er.









I think it started with the pilgrims.

I mean it! I hate going in there.

It's like-- it feels like we're in a prison. I feel like I'm going to get shanked.

Well there're just too many kids in the school now.

And I don't like people.

Aunt May said they almost doubled the amount of kids going to our school since the attack.

And I don't like people.

Which means the grade curve is *all* out of whack. My GPA is-- *ugh!!* I can't even *think* about it.

And I don't like people.



This is nice, though.

No people?

You know why?

Look at you, Mister Parker--you are all smart. Hey, how about Johnny Storm sleeping in our house?

I know.

Yeah. Guess he was that tired.

He was still asleep when we left the house.

What's the deal with him?

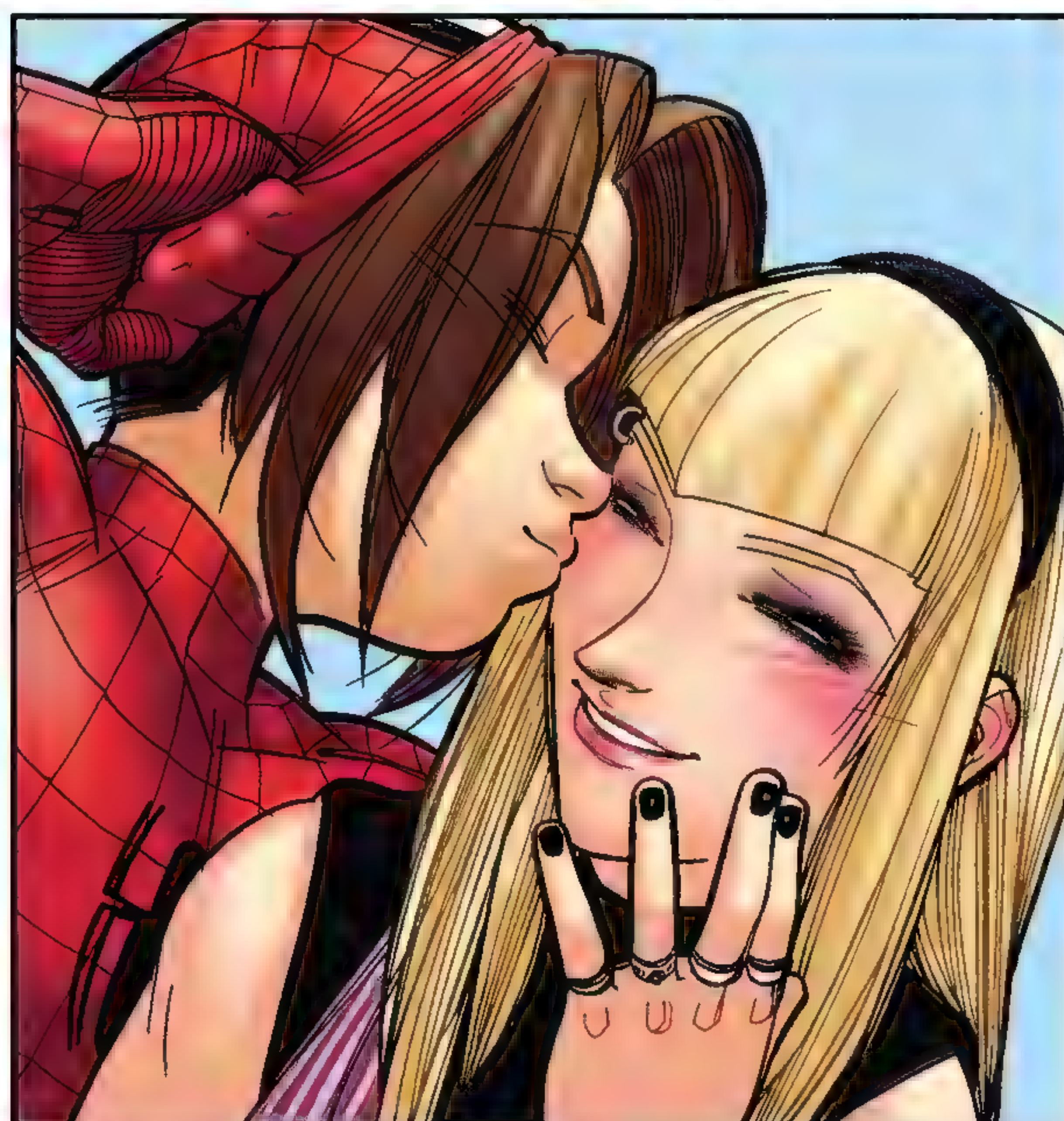
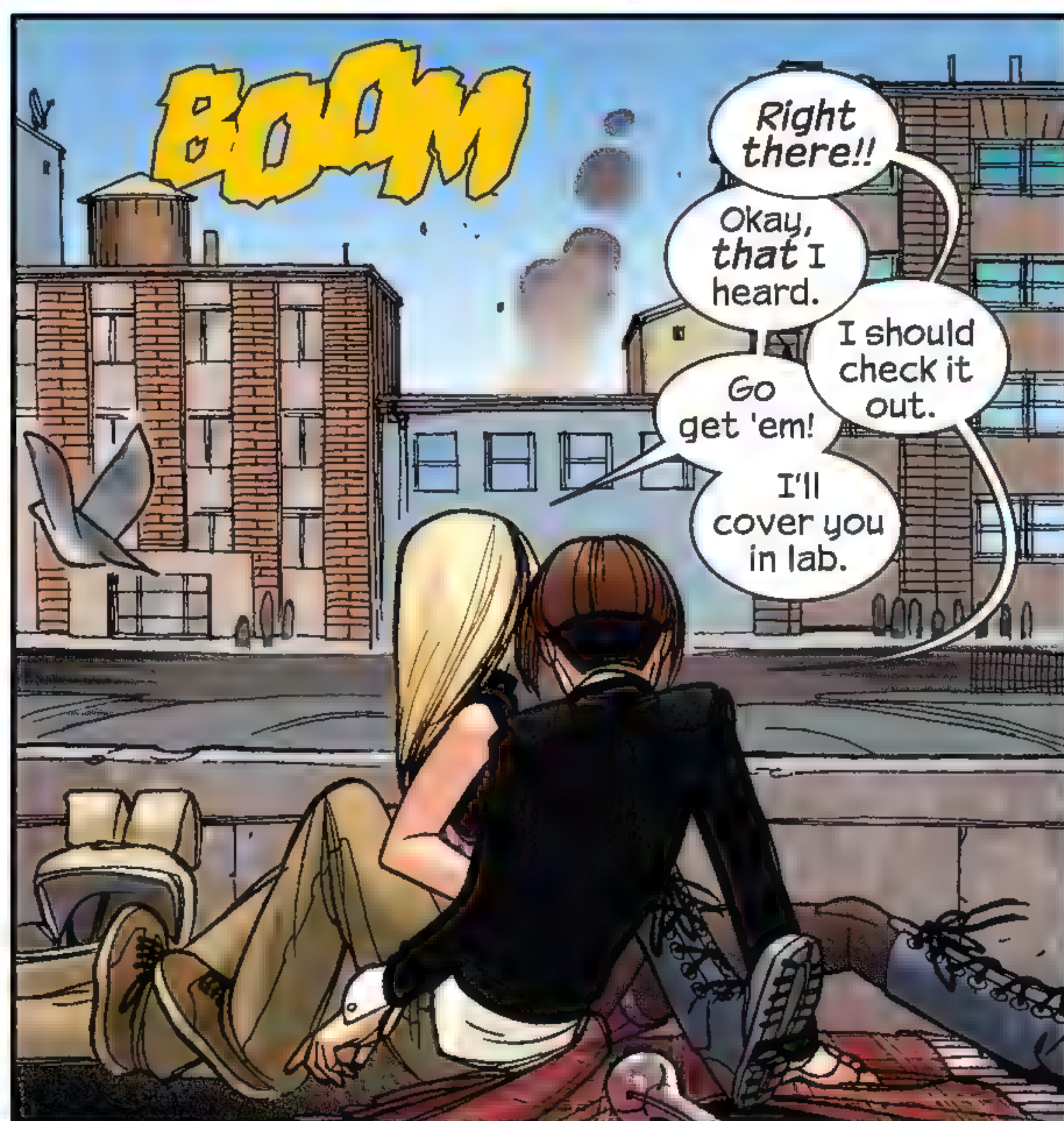
They'll fire you.

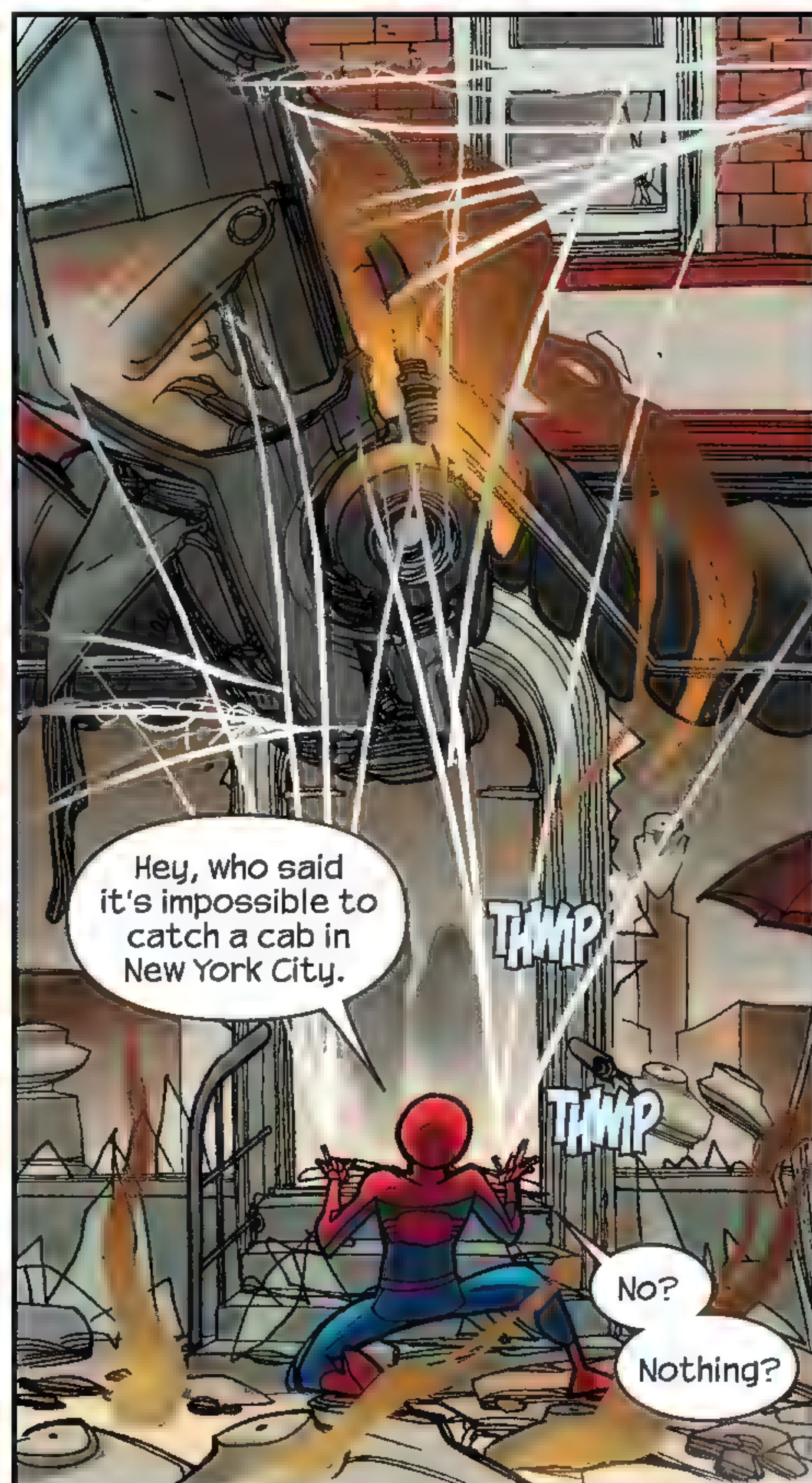
Dunno. I'm going to blow off work after school and go home and see what's going on.

Oh no, what will I do for food?

Oh yeah, I can just pop this giant zit on my forehead I got from working at that nightmare factory and a whole cheese-burger will pop out.

Okay-- I'm done eating.





And what have we here?

Stay close, Lori.

I know, mo-ther!

"Mother"?? Matching cute little outfits??

You two are adorable!!

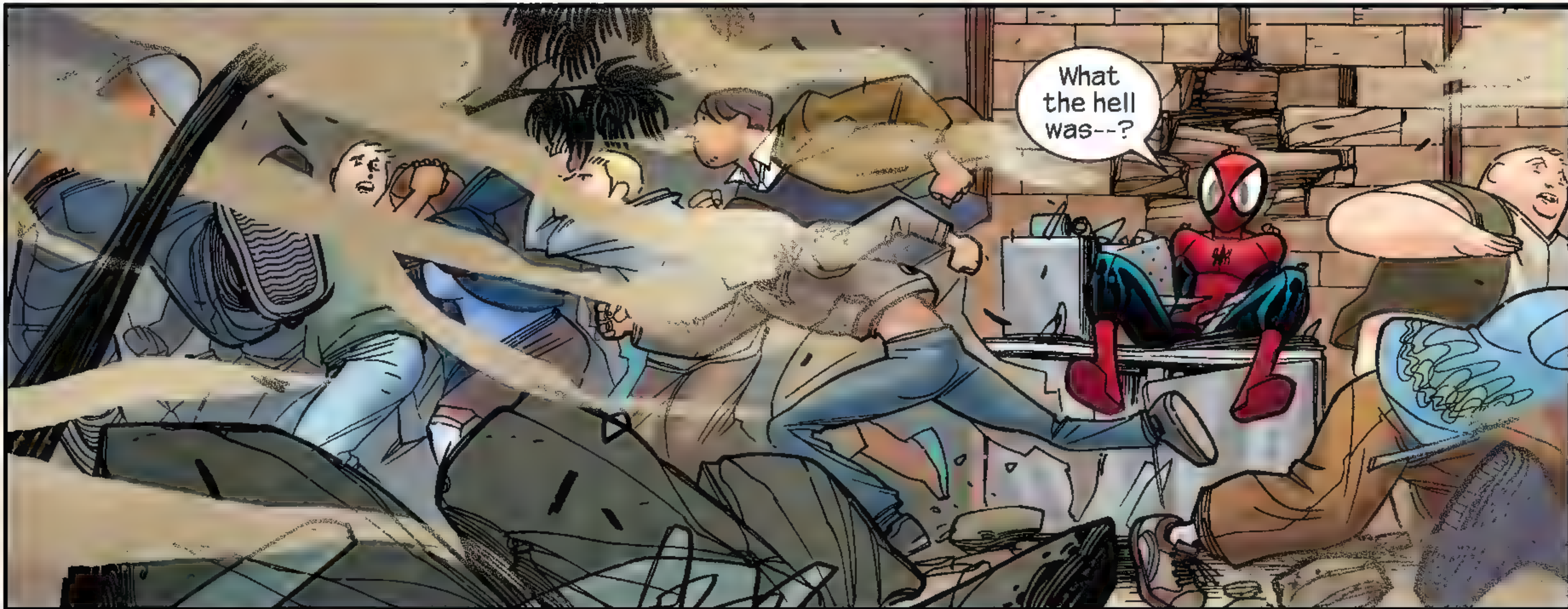
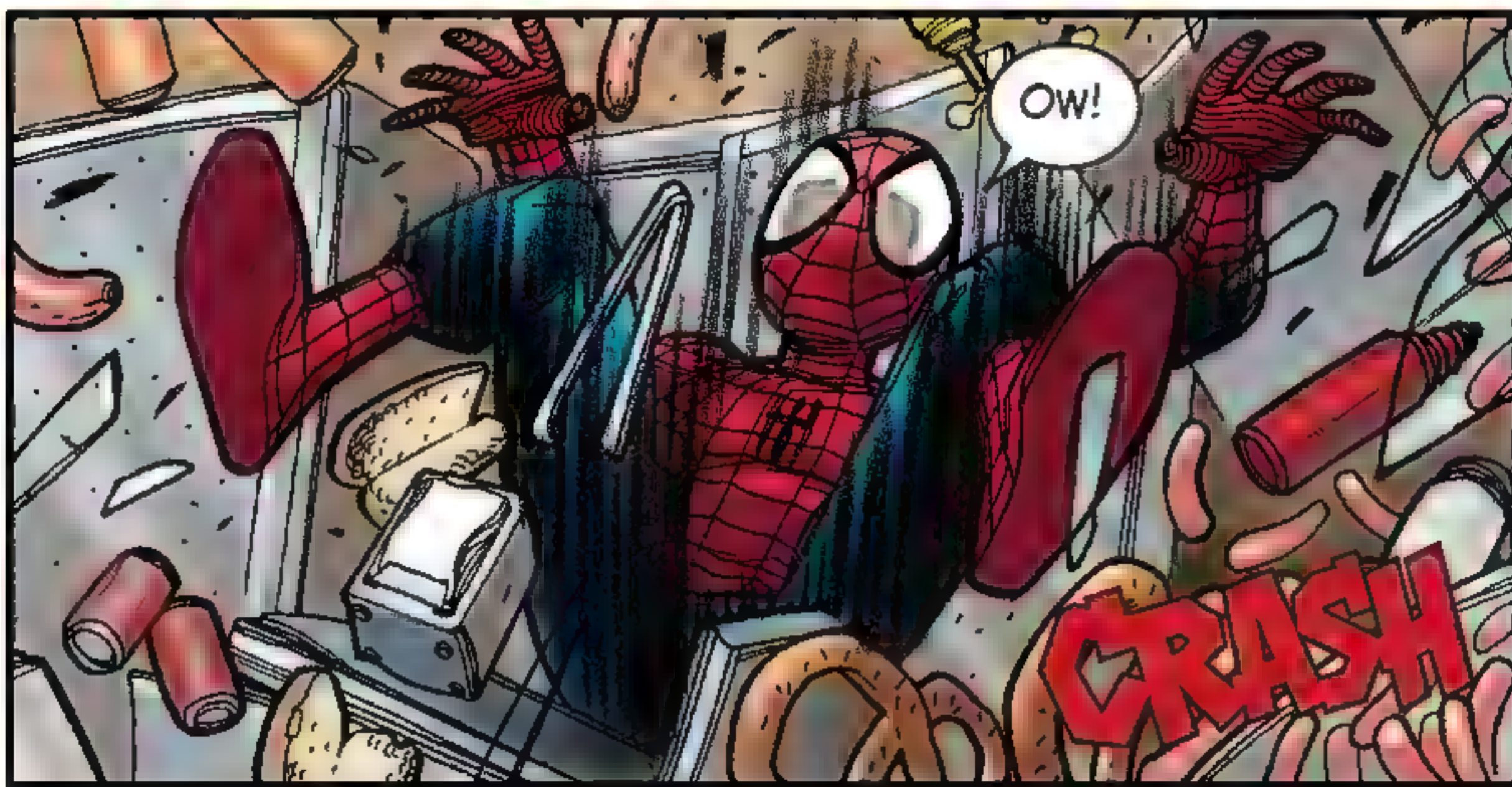
YEAH!!

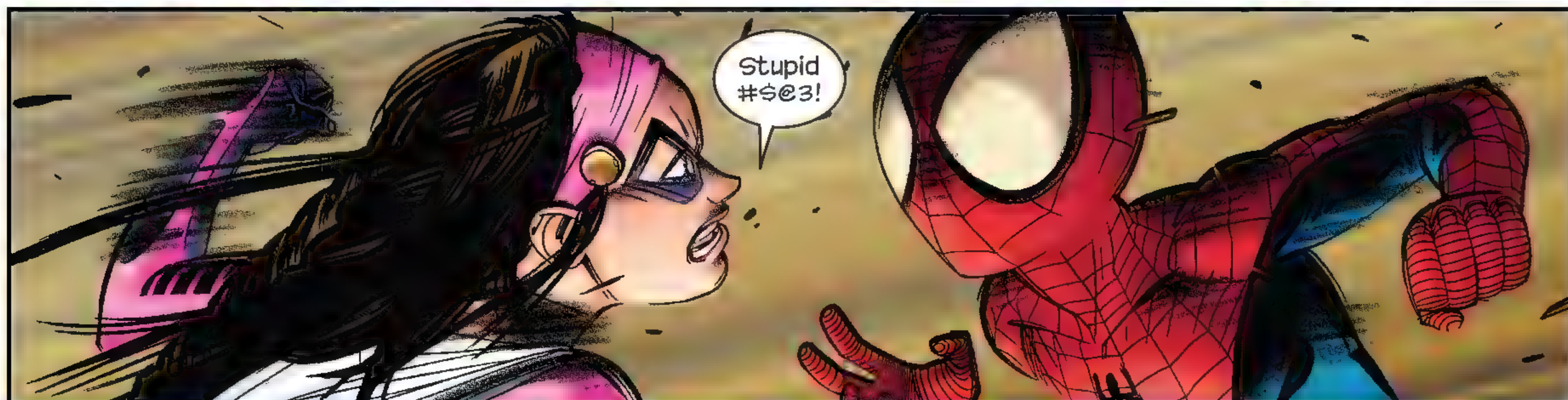
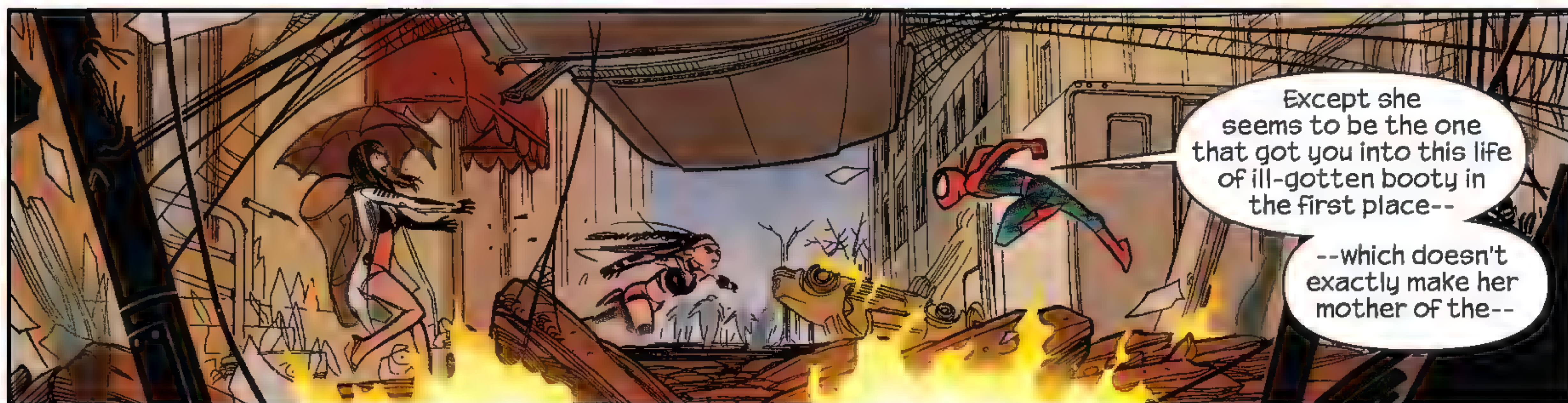
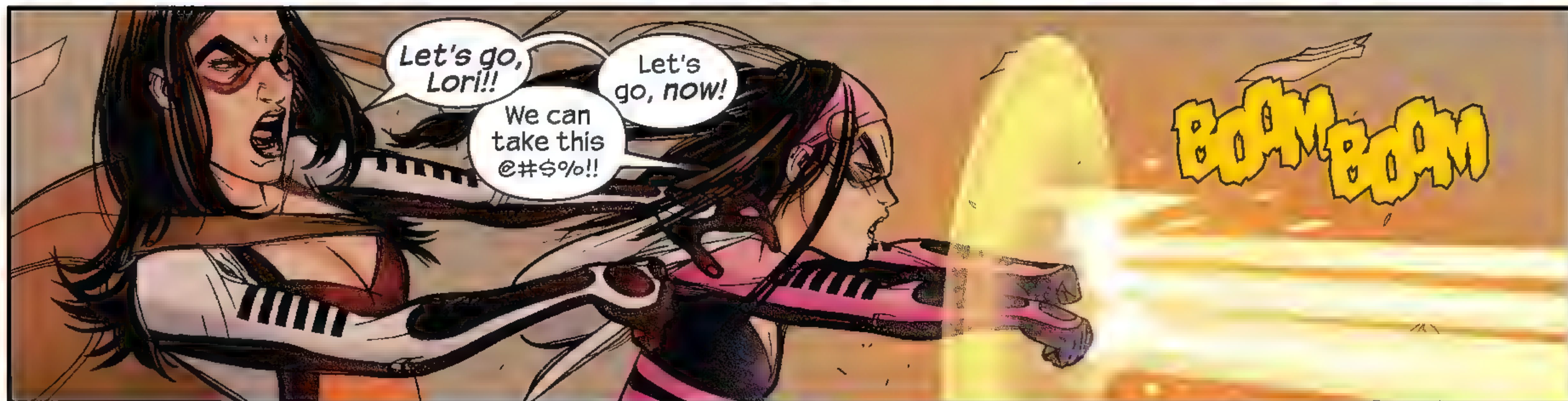
We're the **Bombshells** and we're about to @##\$@# your !\$\$ up so bad you won't be able to @% unless you have a tube and a @##\$!

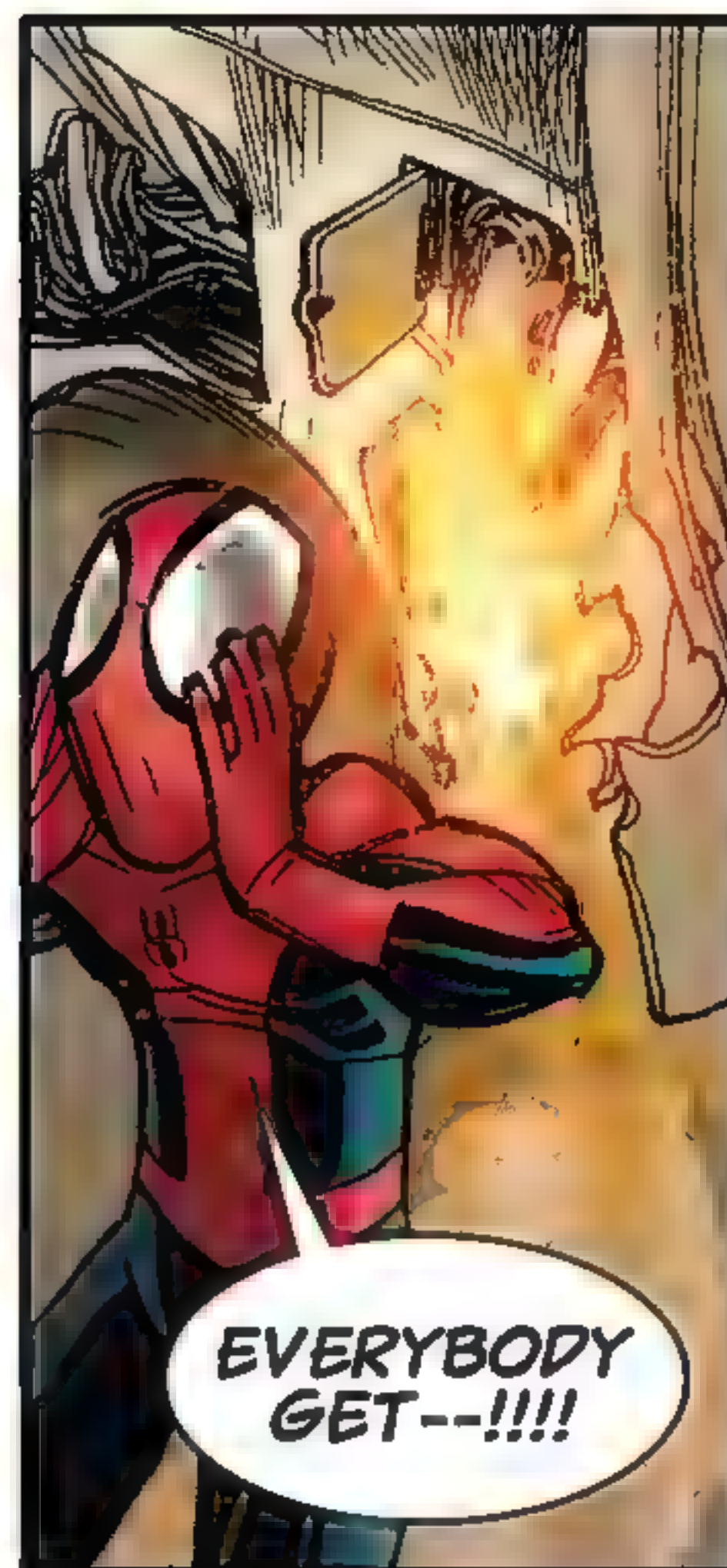
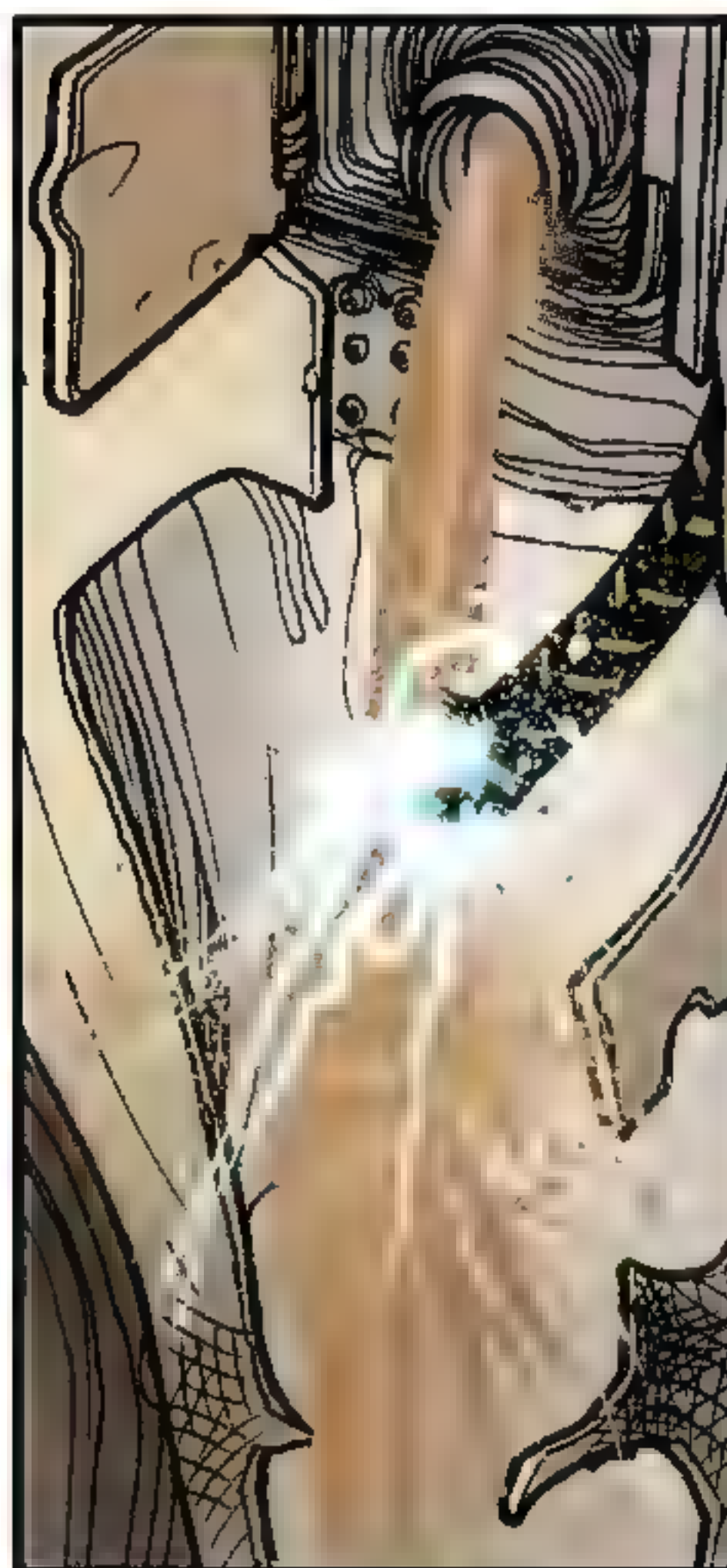
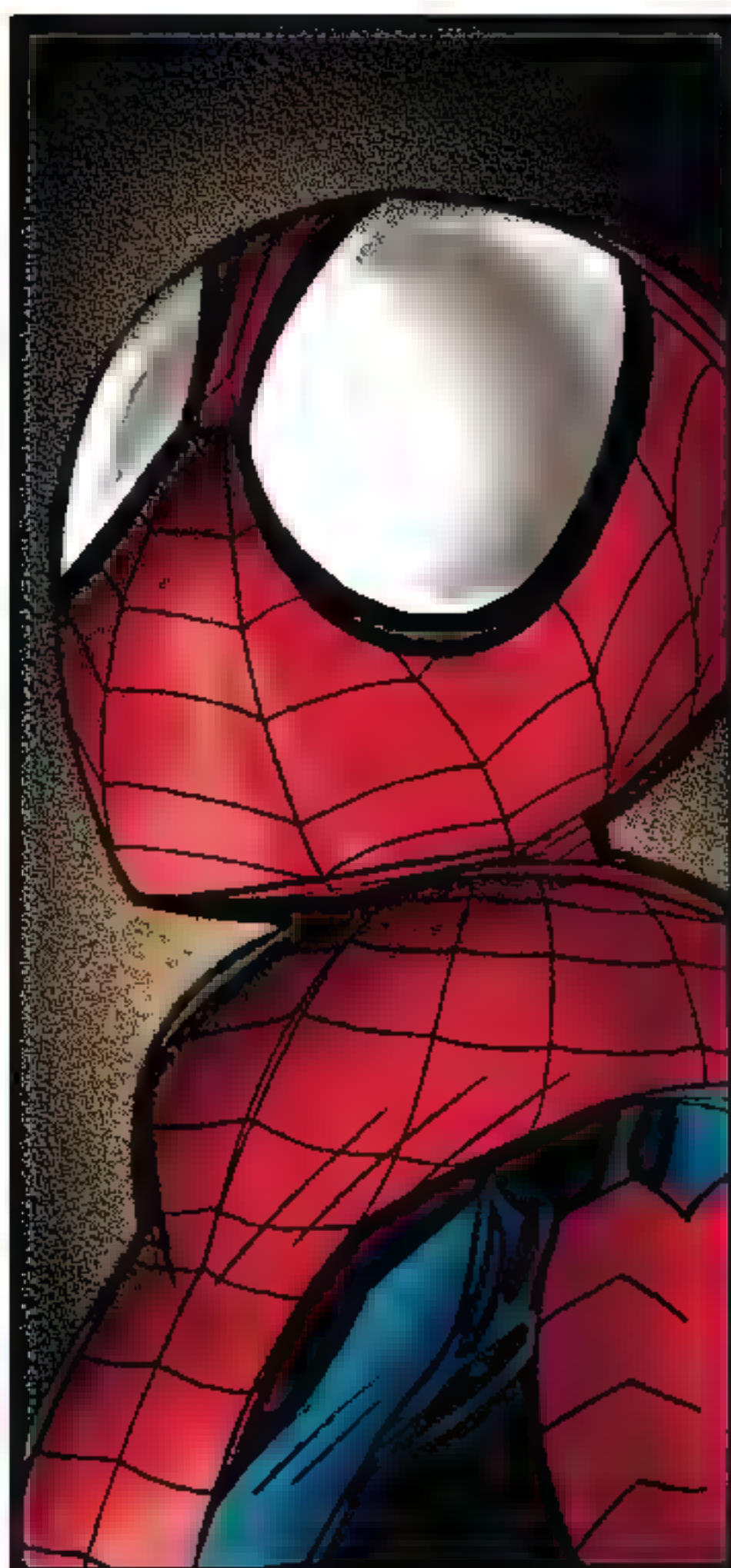
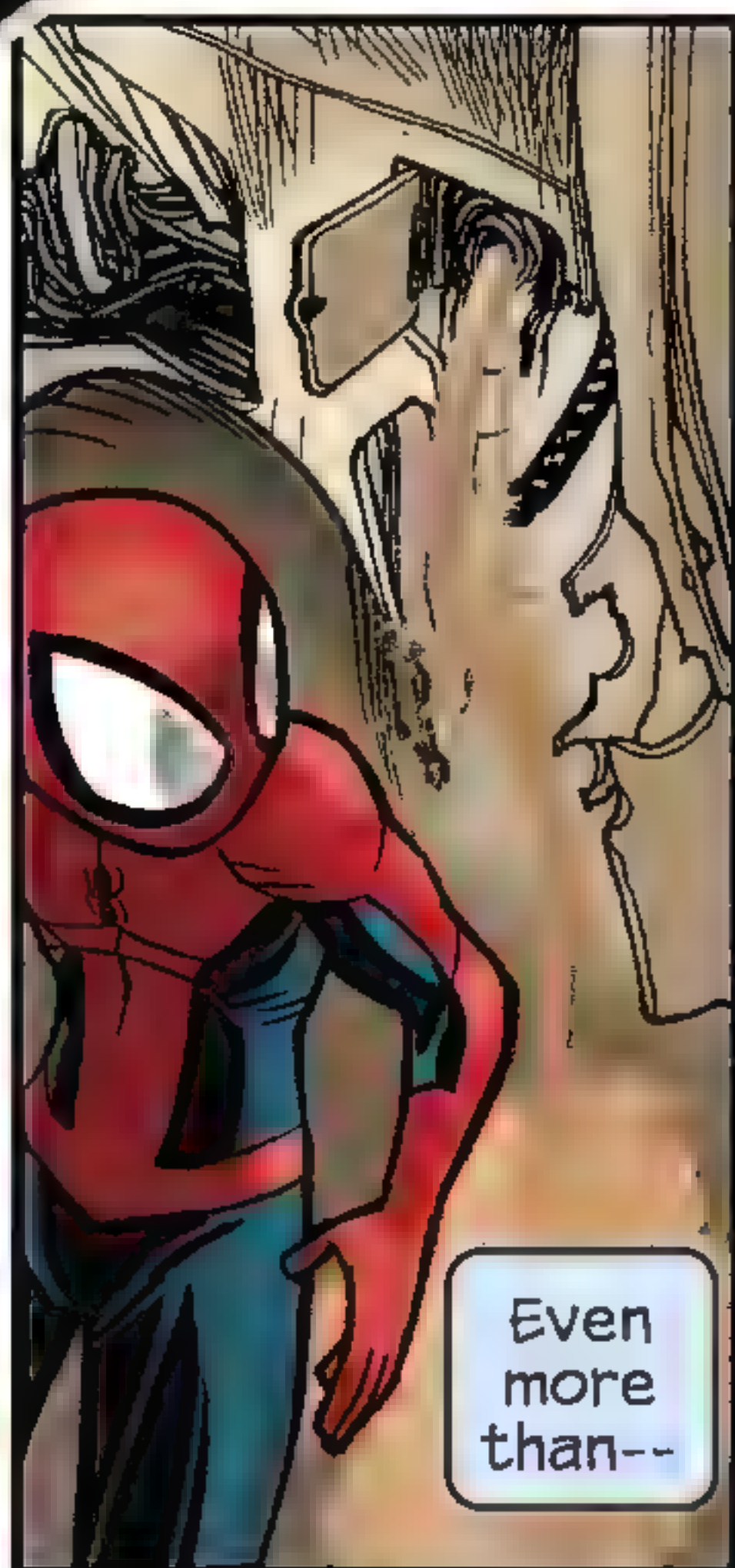
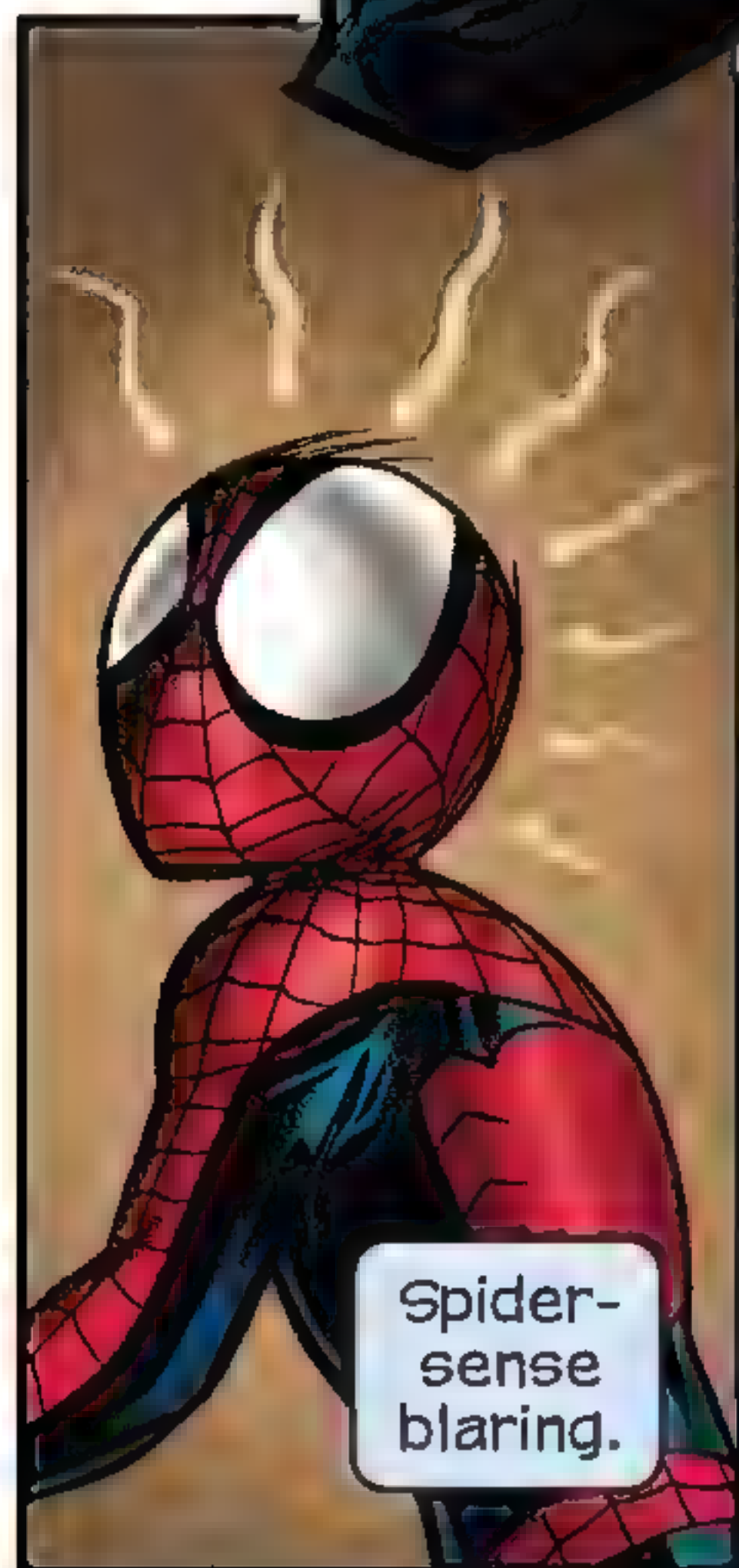
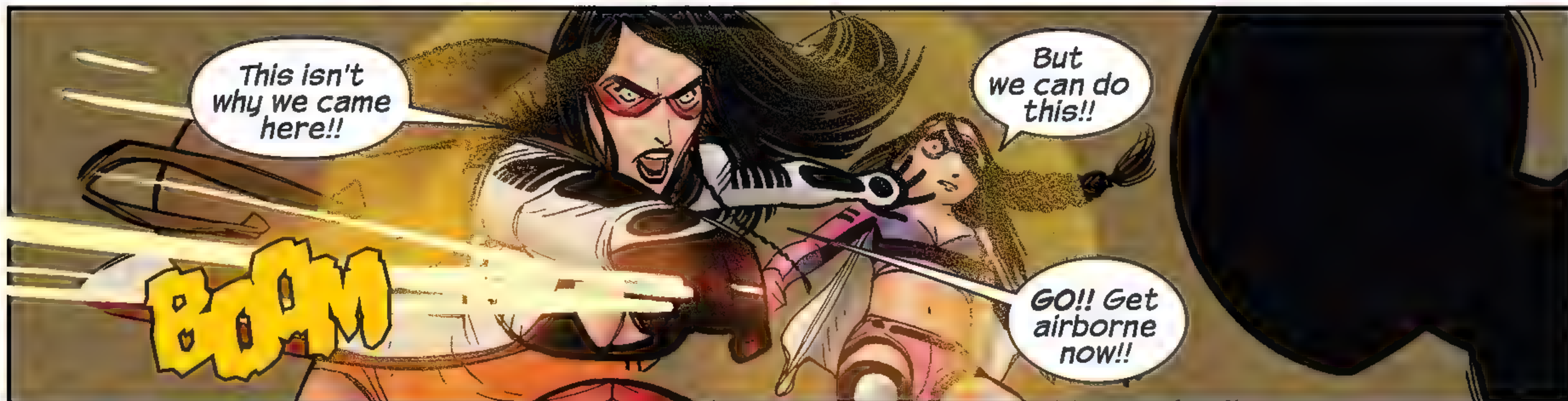
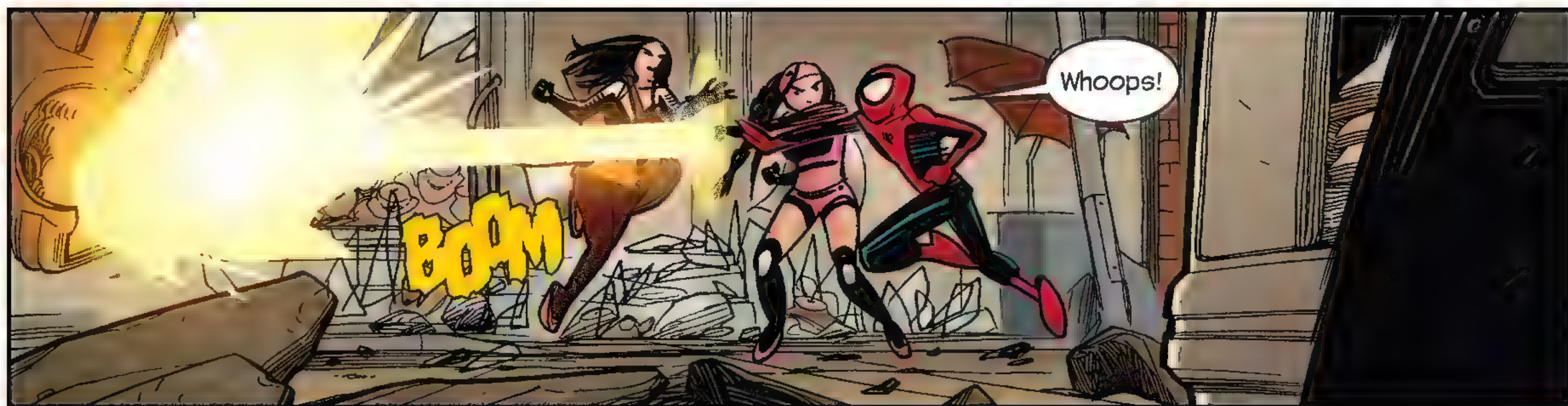
Oh, and you swear like a marine. You're just the cutest pair of--

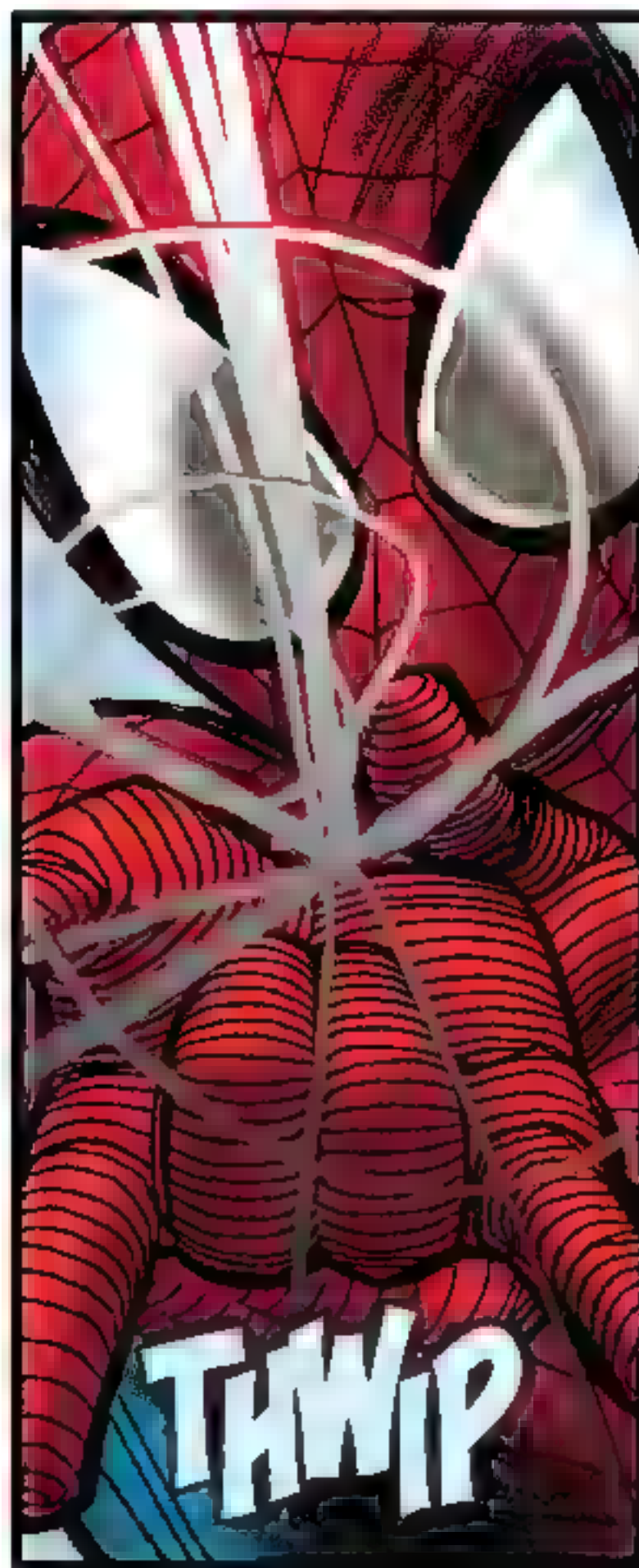
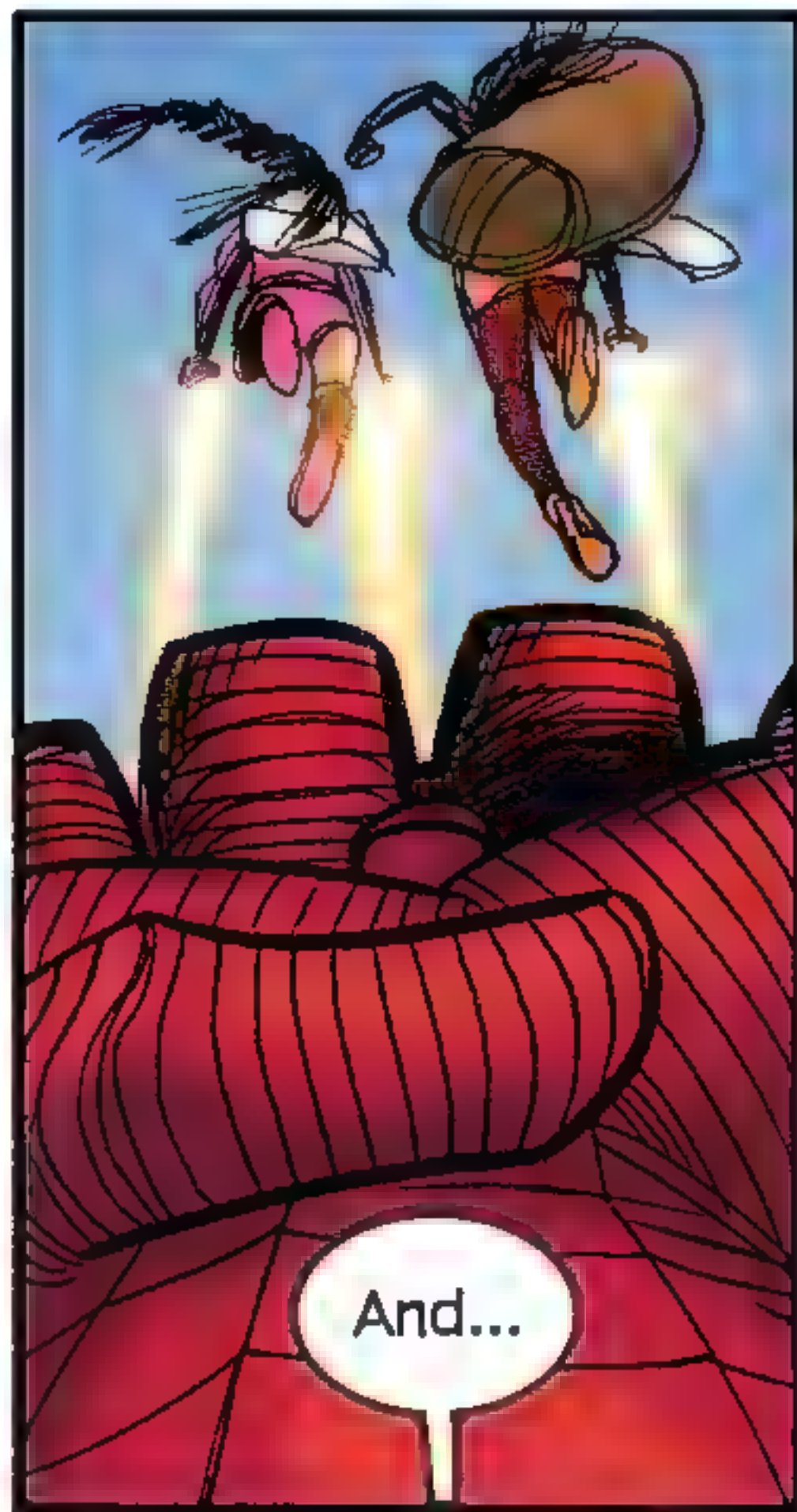
Shush!

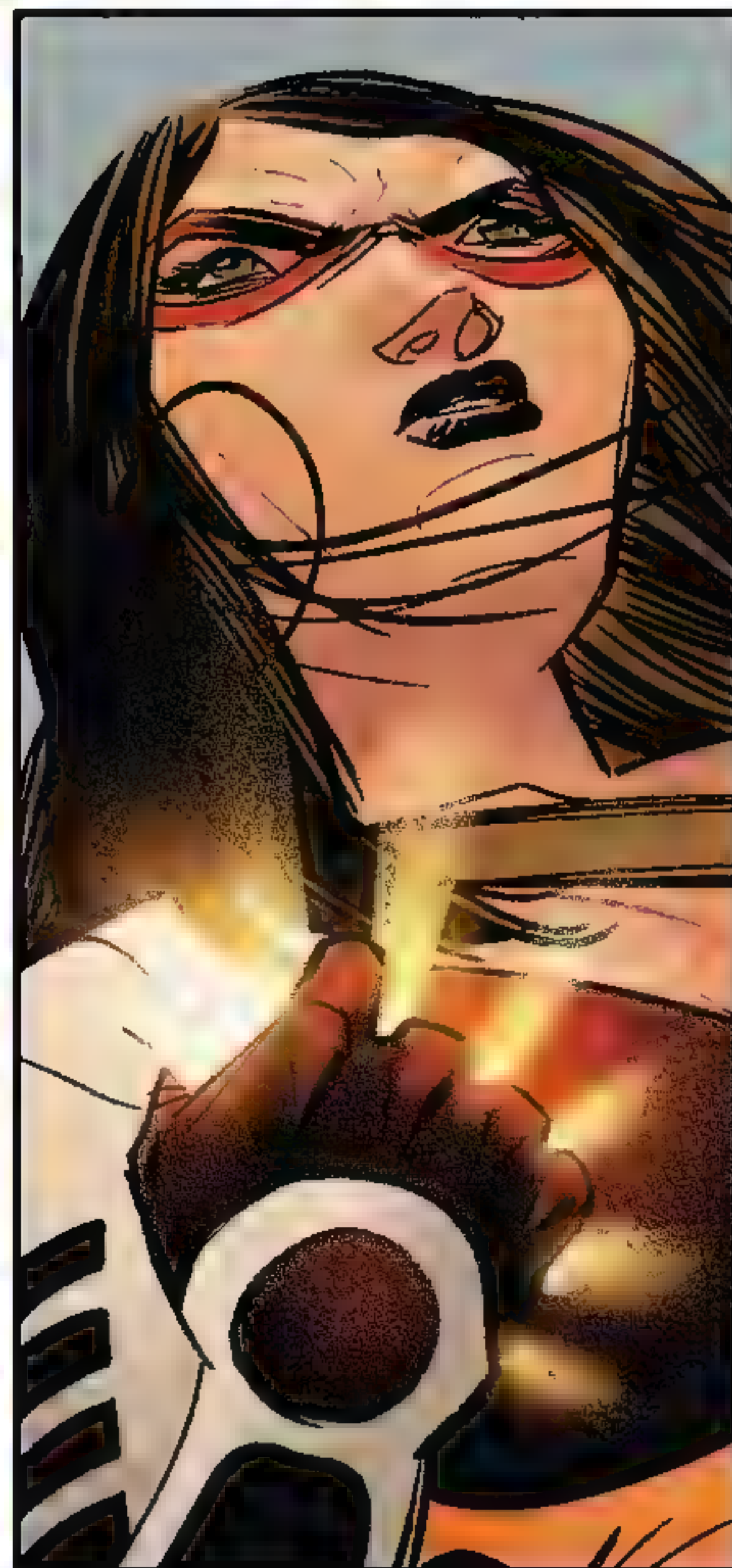
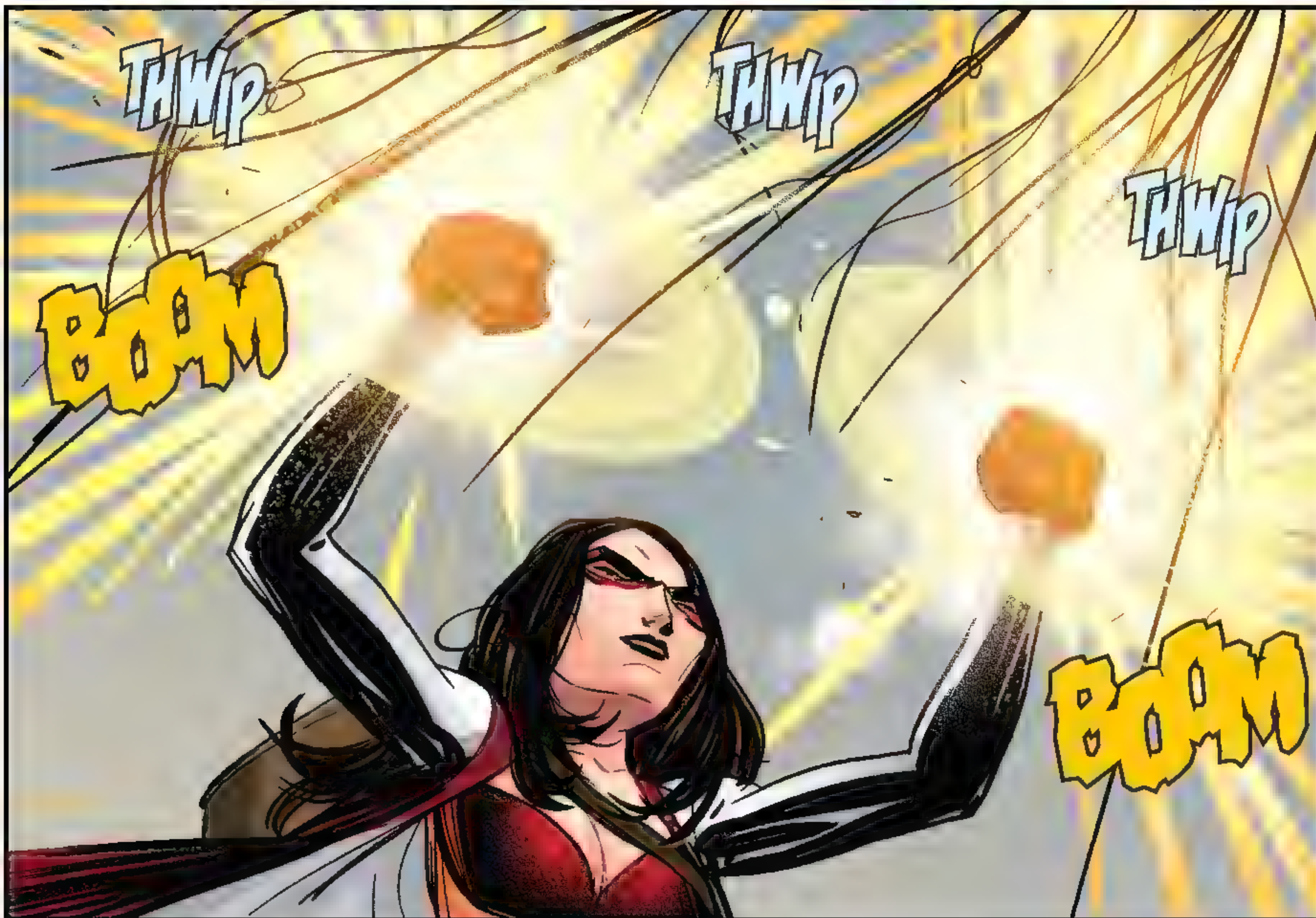
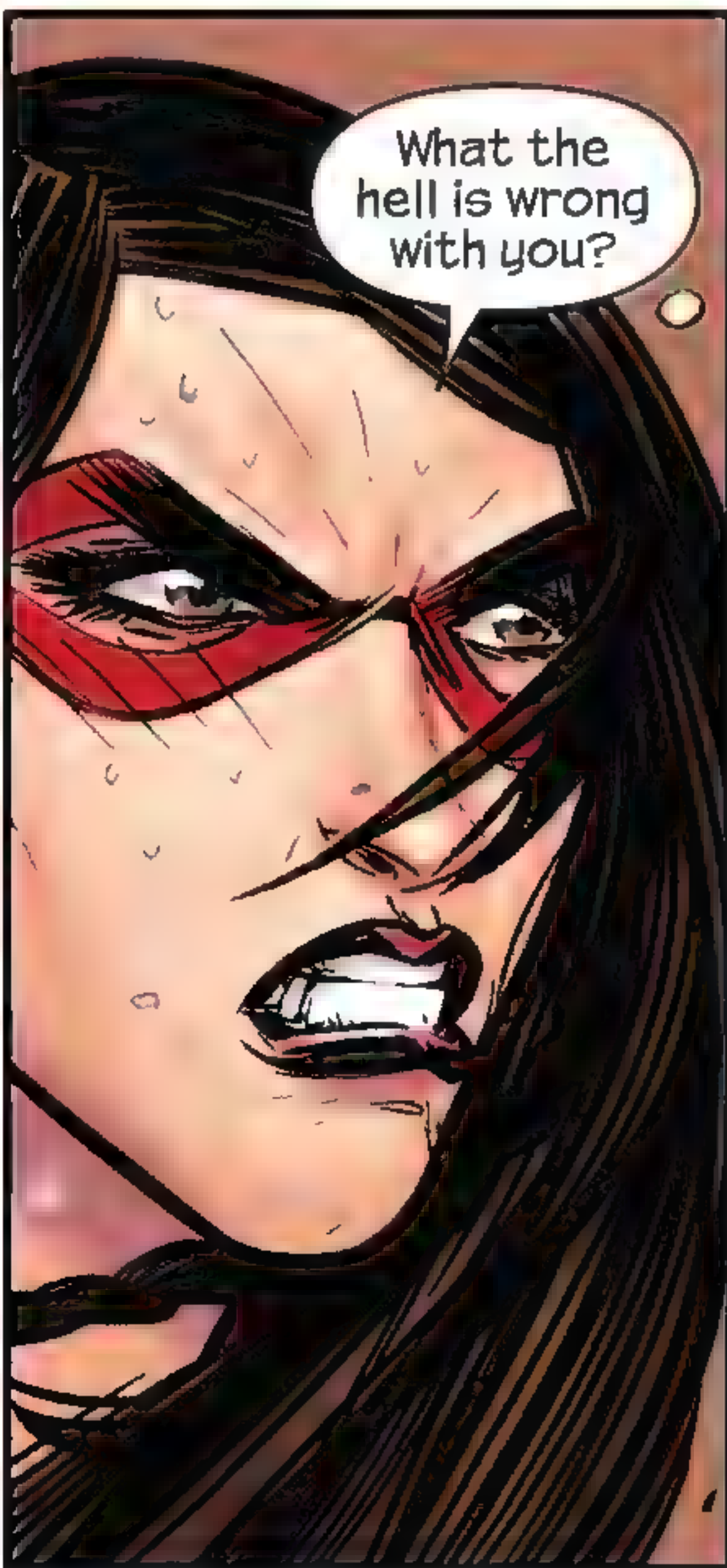
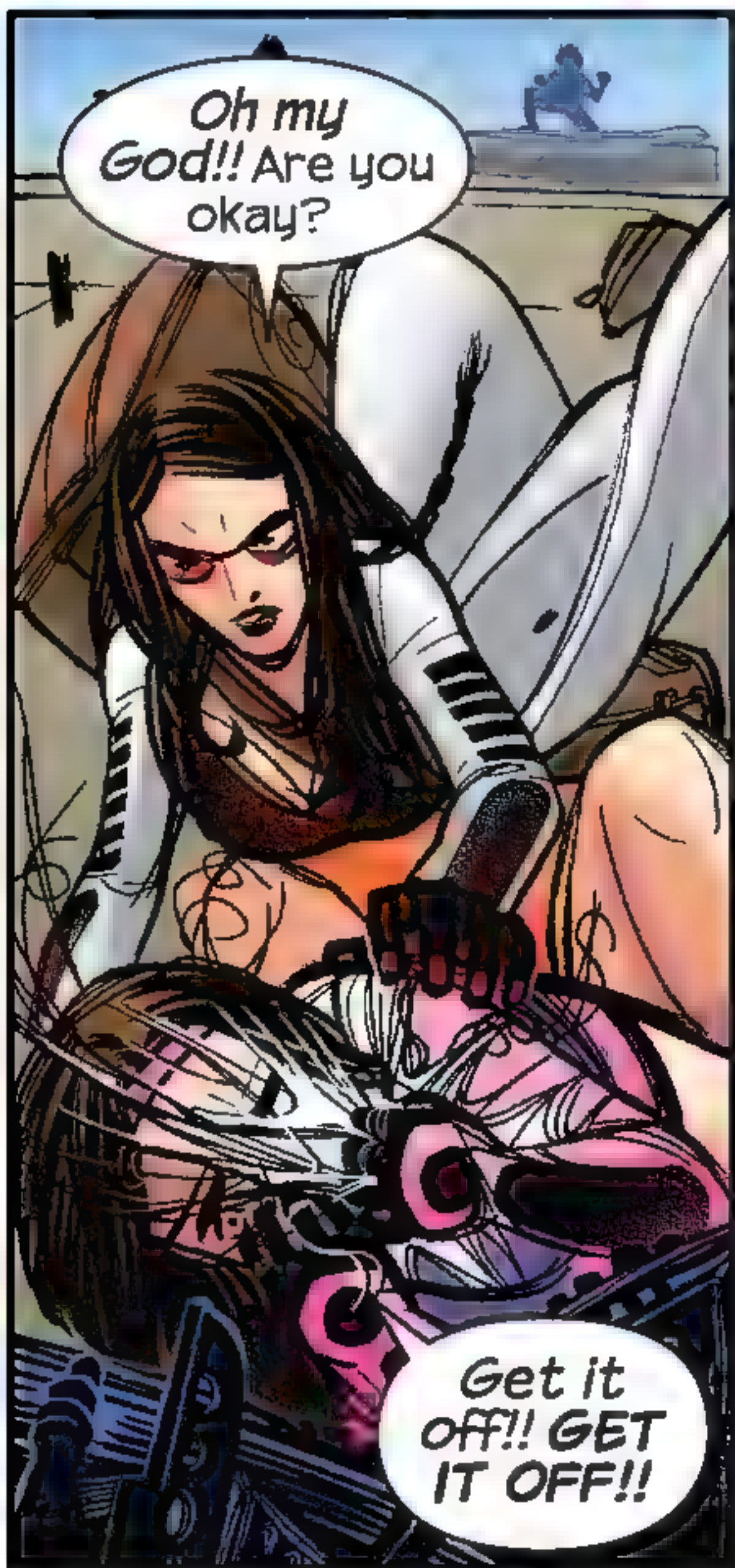
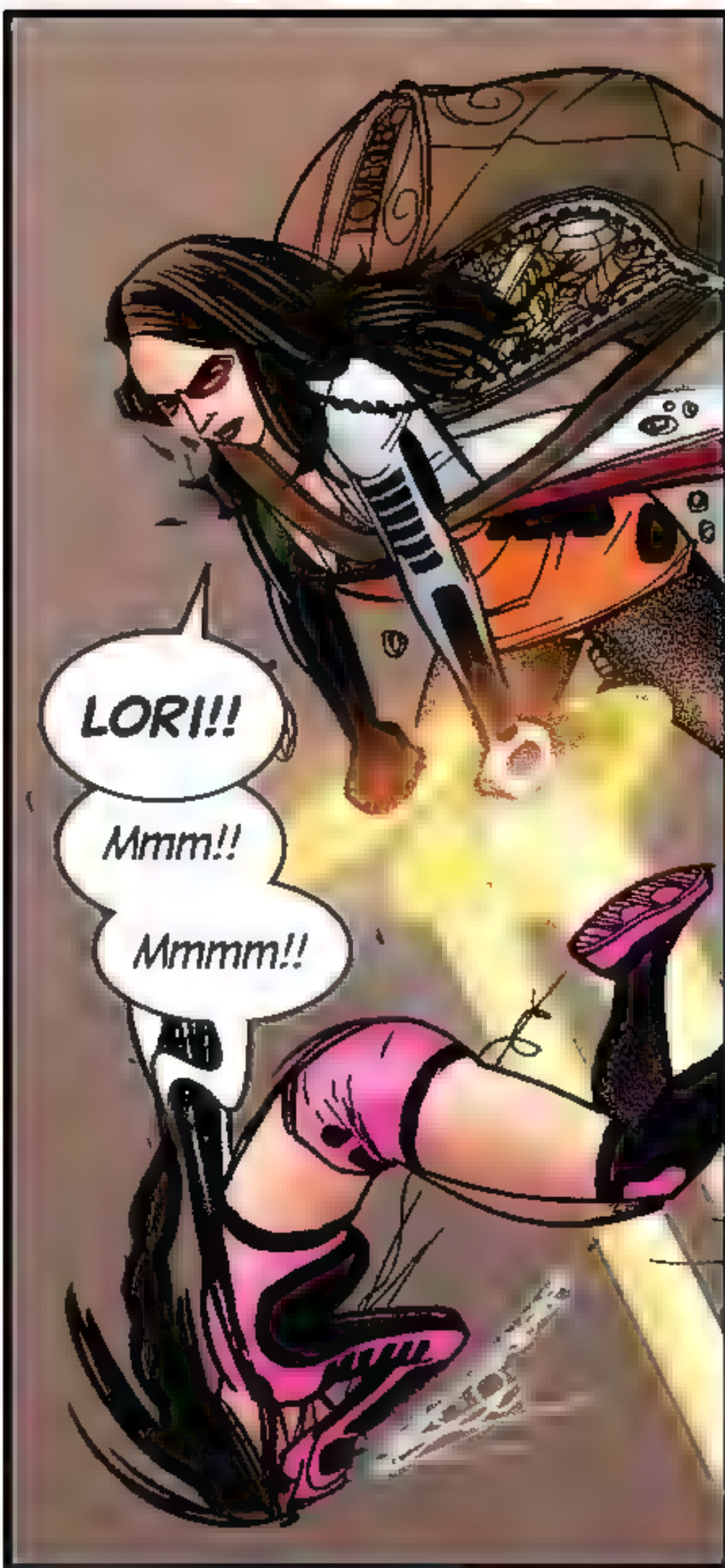
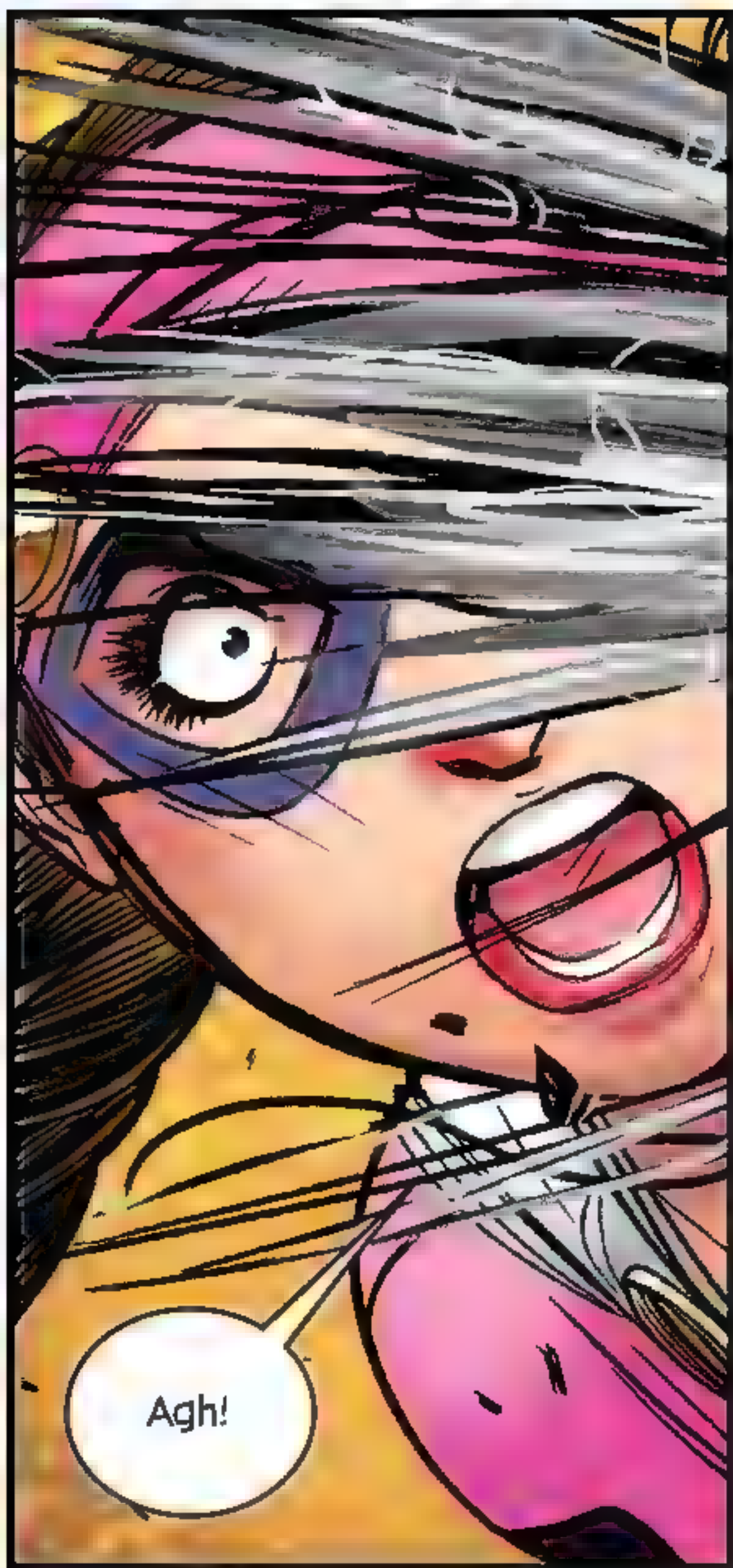


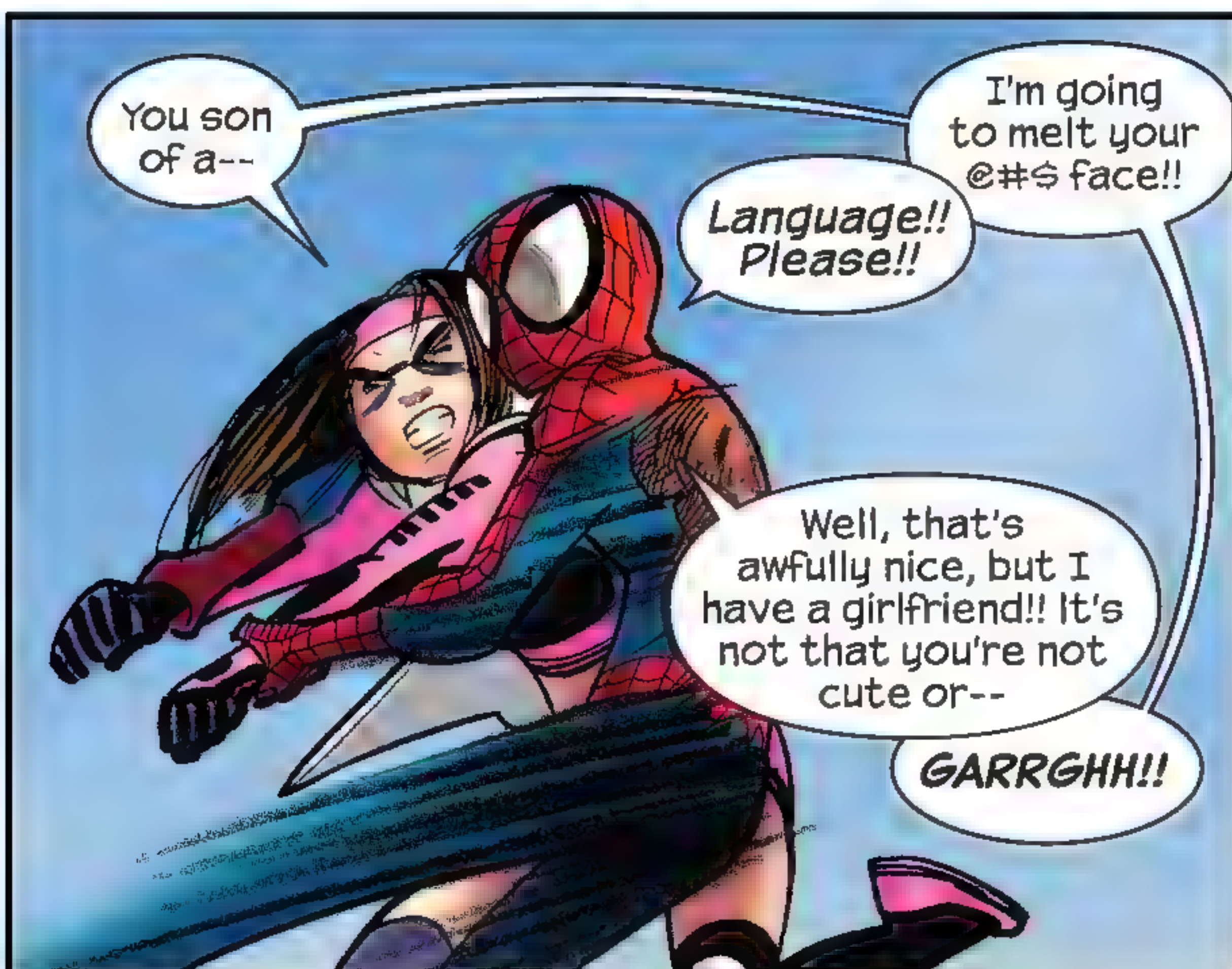
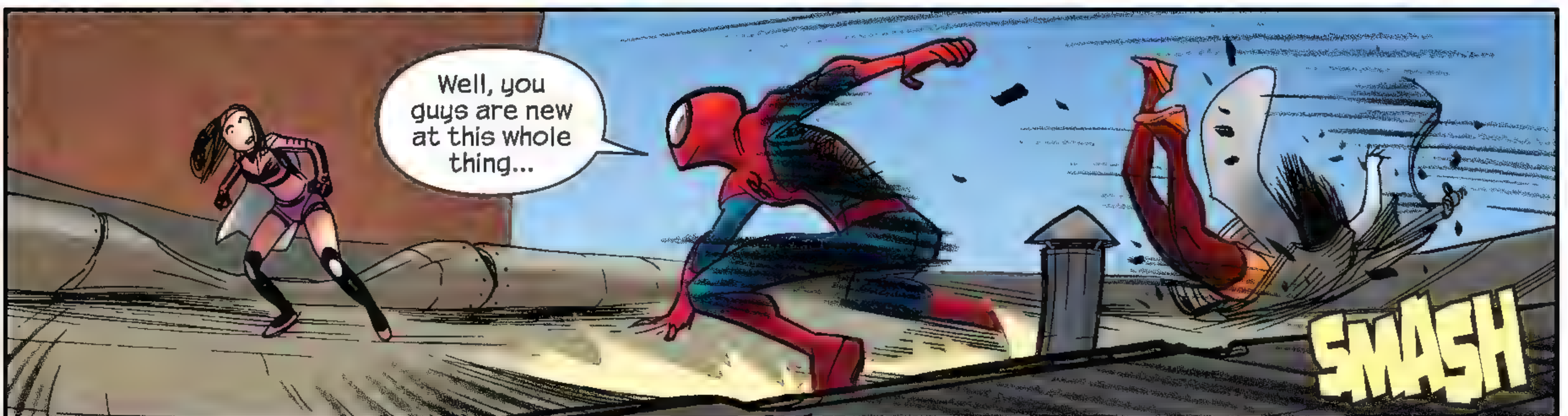
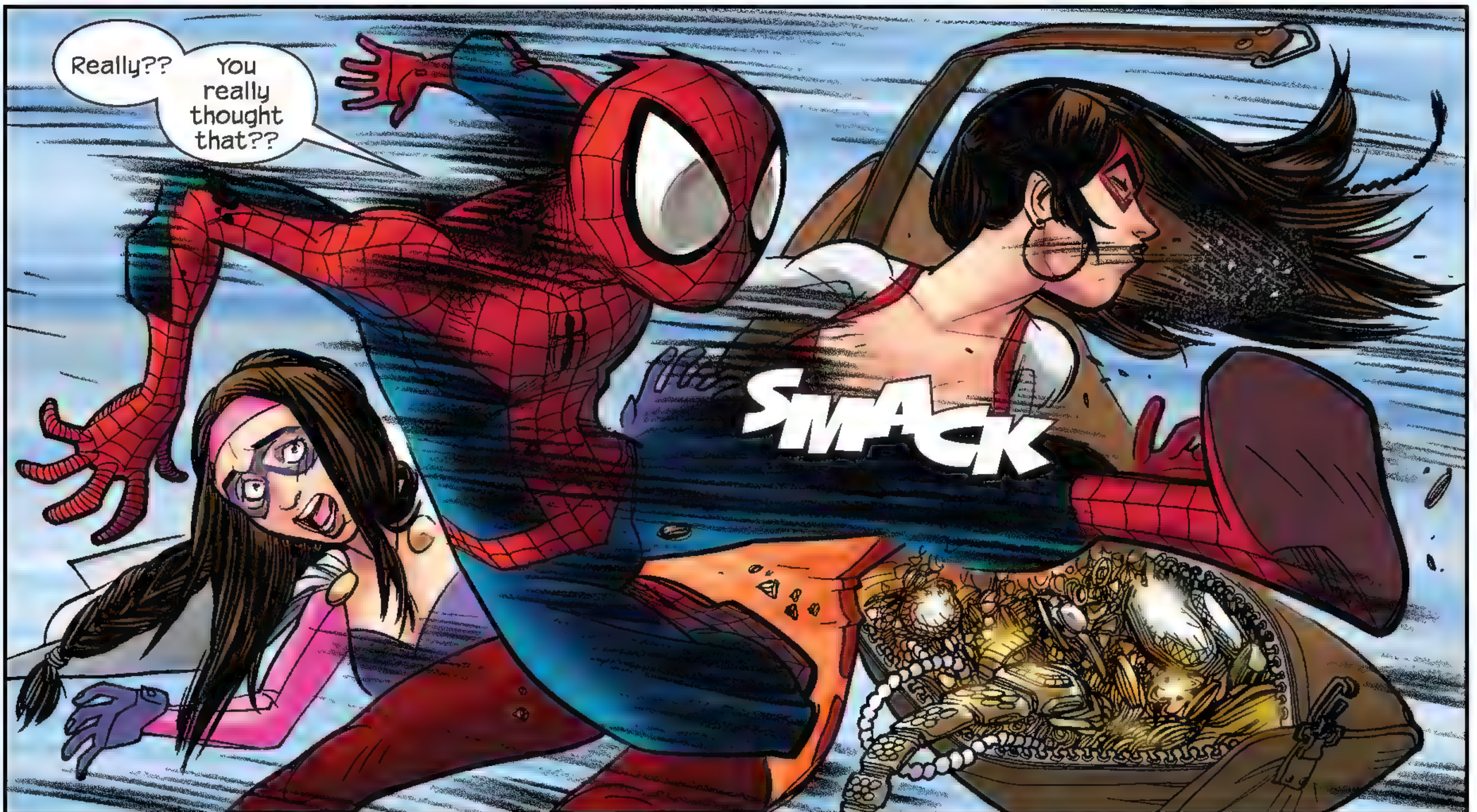
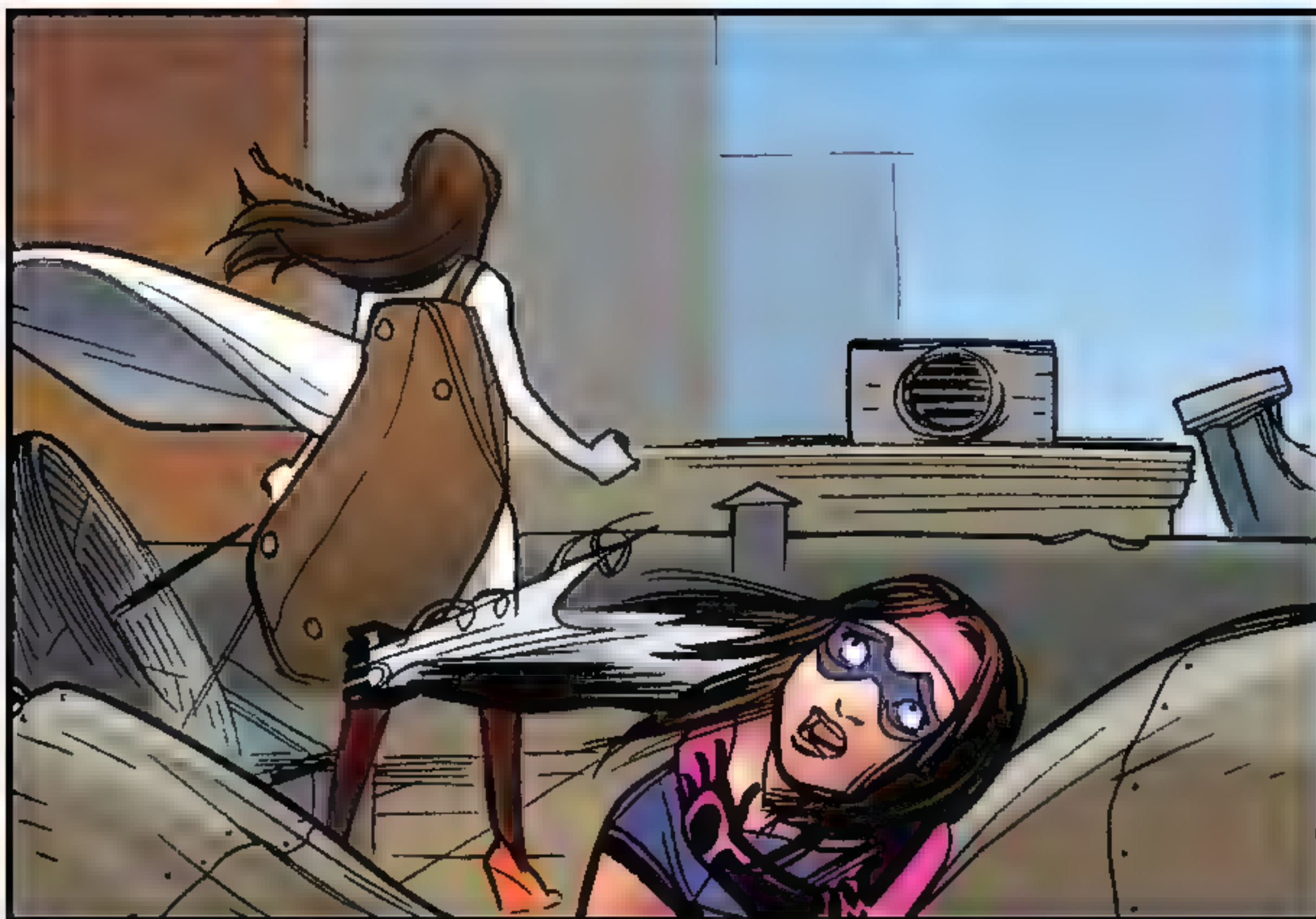


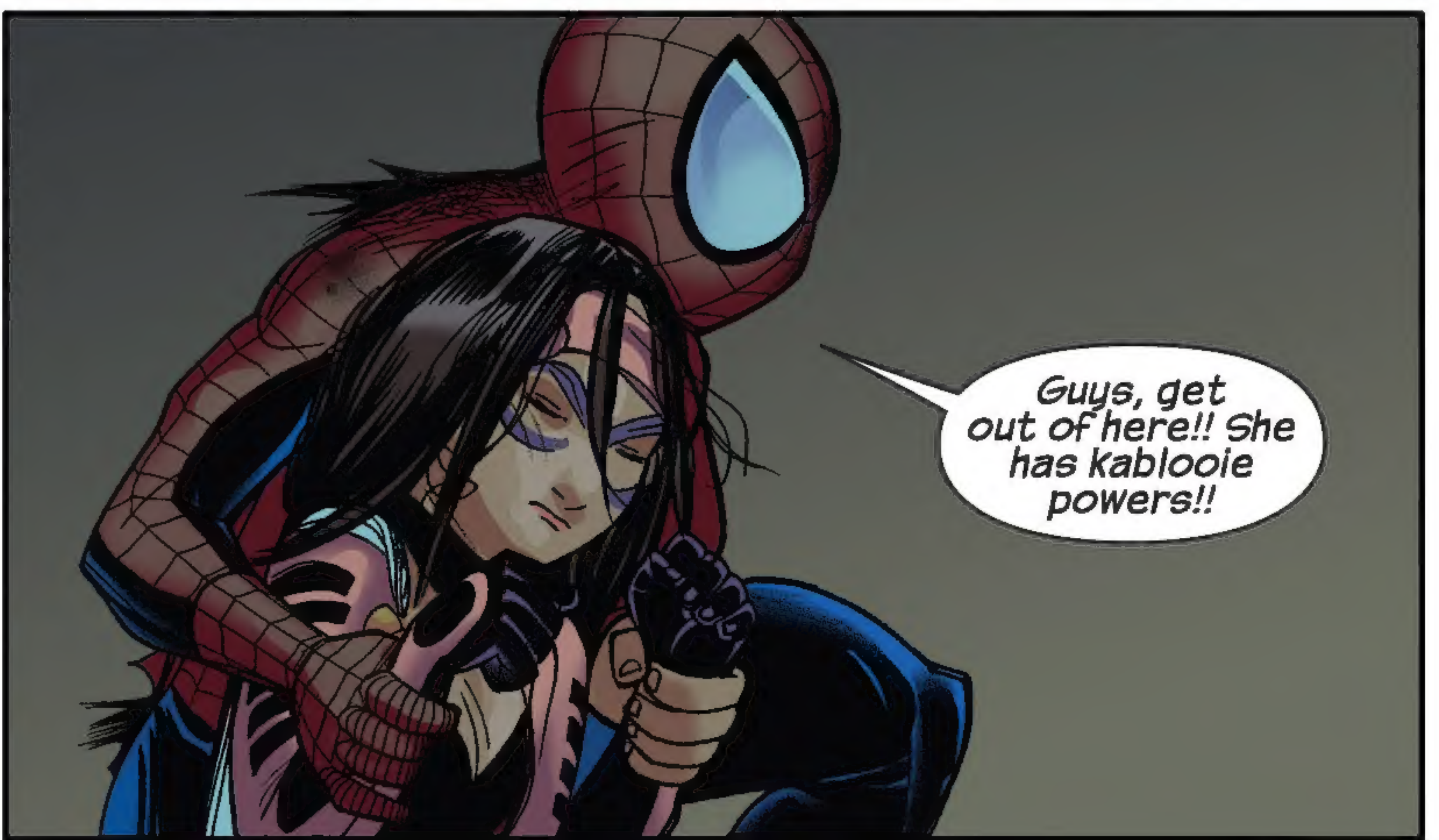
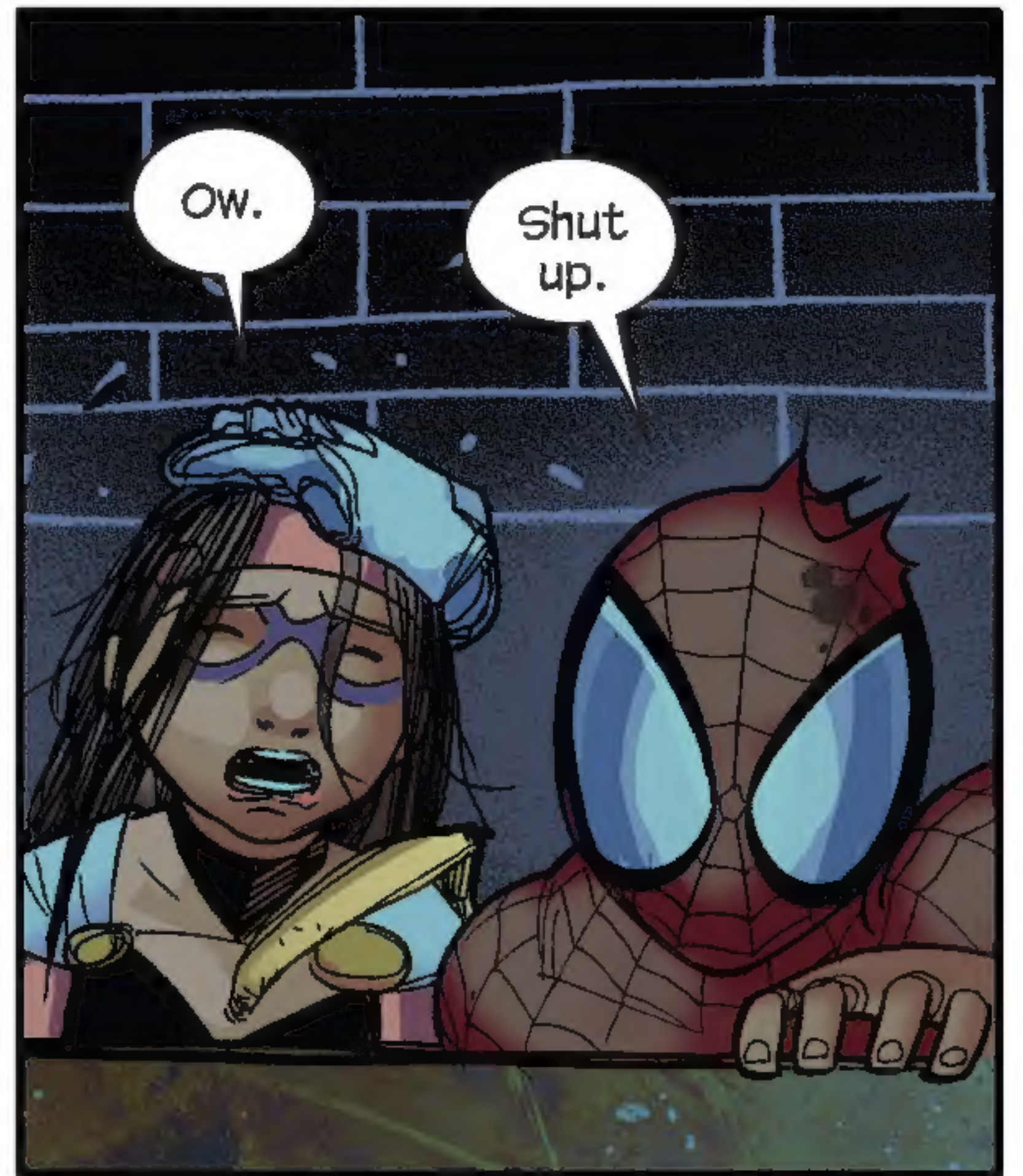
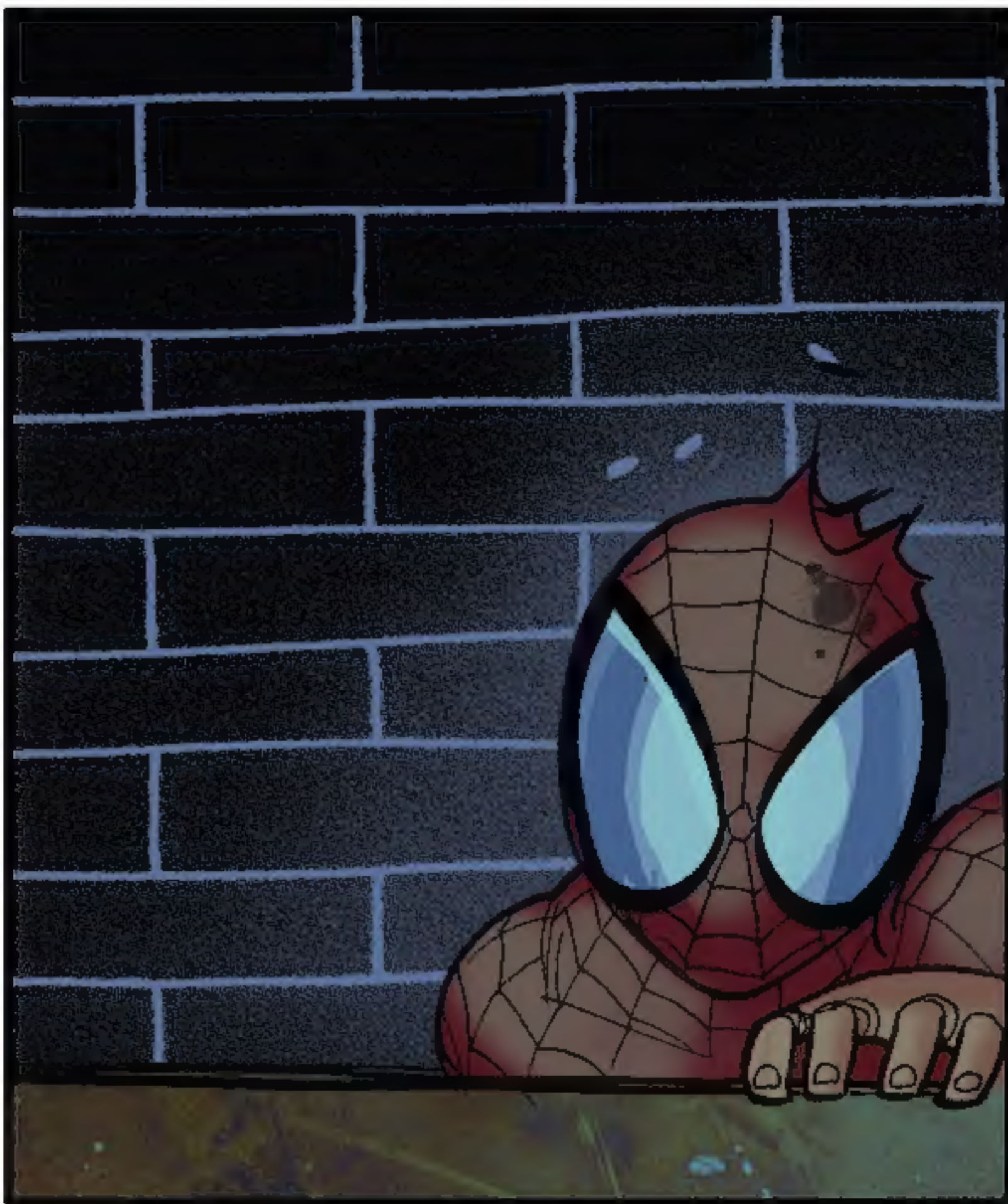
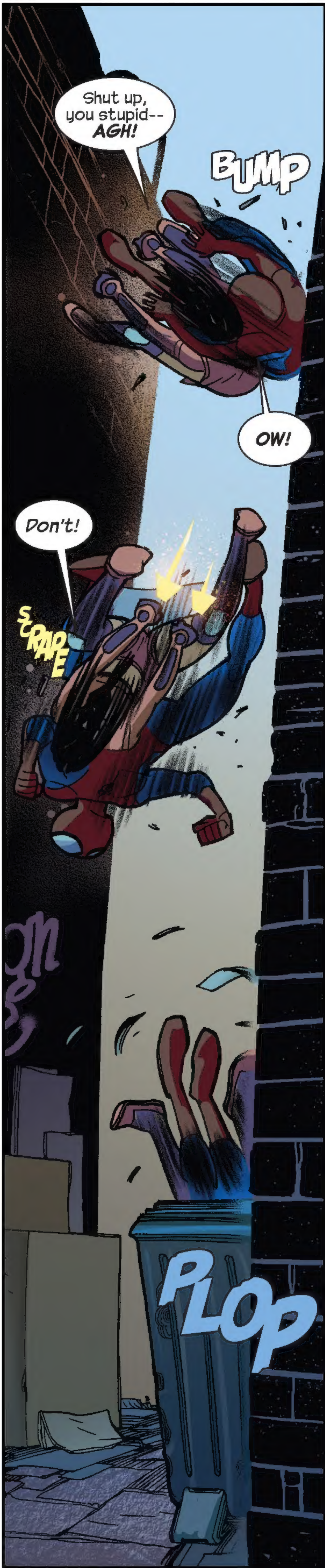














Well, *now* I don't! Thank you.

Now you don't?

No spider sense tingling anywhere...

Only if my mom and me are right next to each other!!

Really?

Get off me!!

You started it.

Don't hit me again!!

I didn't hit you.



Ugh! I think my nose is bleeding. I'm gonna sue you.

Yeah?? Good luck with that.
@#%\$ you.

You and your mom's powers only work next to each other. That is fascinating.

Yeah? You're so fascinated, *you* go live with her.

How'd you get your powers?

Why? You writing a book?



I just don't get it. You and your mom got that kind of power and your robbing jewelry stores?? *That's* the best you can do??

You were in the same dumpster I was, @%\$hat.



Great job, kid!! What a pleasure to meet you.

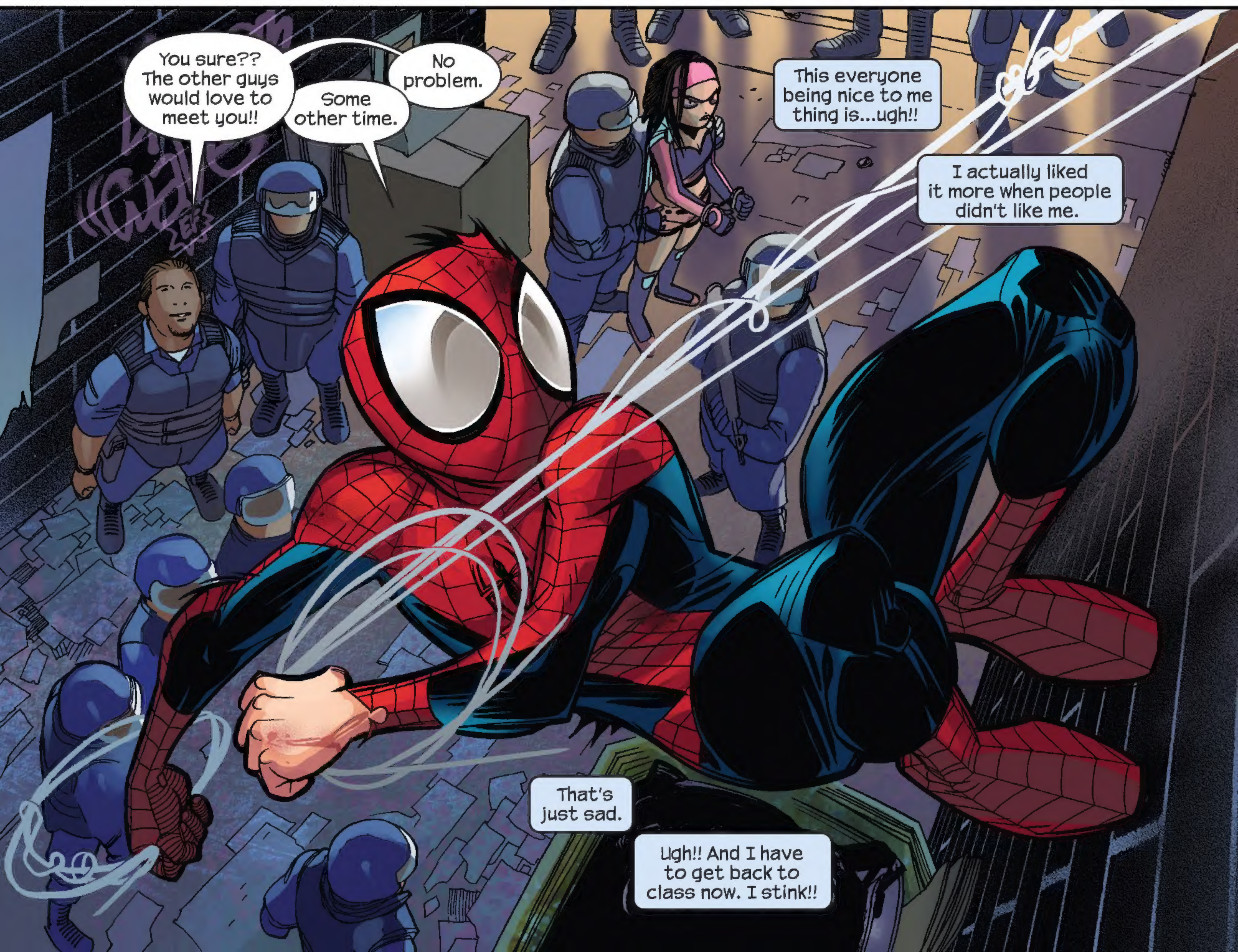
Oh, uh, thanks. The bag of jewels is up on the roof with the mom.

SWAT's already up there.

Okay, cool.

Seriously though, great job. Really great to meet you too.

Thanks. Well, uh, I gotta go.



You sure?? The other guys would love to meet you!!

Some other time.

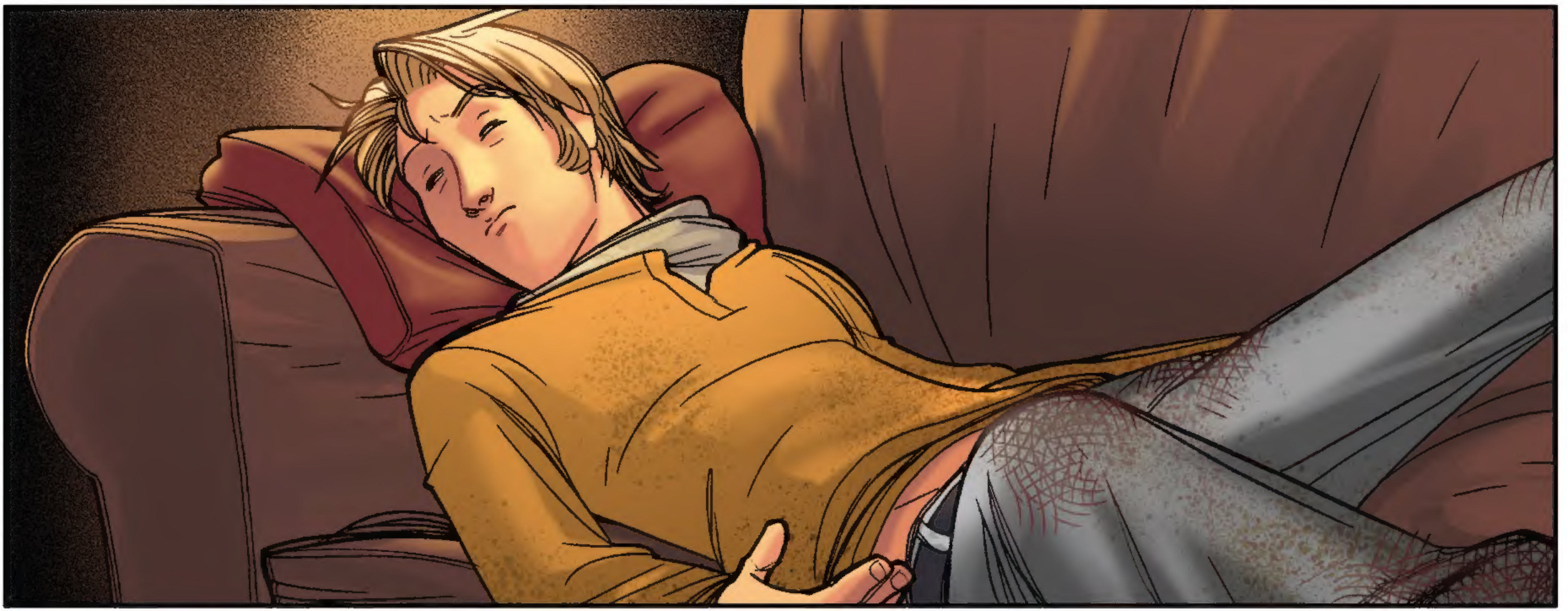
No problem.

This everyone being nice to me thing is...ugh!!

I actually liked it more when people didn't like me.

That's just sad.

Ugh!! And I have to get back to class now. I stink!!



To Be Continued...



EMPIRE